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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DUET.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER.

O, you ask me to sing, but my soul is so weary,
Only sad strains my poor lips can impart.
The beautiful world has grown suddenly dreary—
The darkness of midnight is over my heart.

"Nay, struggling gives strength—the golden morn cometh
To bless the sad eyes that have wept through the night.
A bright Angel, smiling, each noble deed summeth,
And carries to Heaven with radiant delight."

Dear Comforter, see!—I will listen to reason,
Although I must weep till my first tears are spent.
To doubt thee or Heaven would be equal treason—
I'll rouse me to duty and strive for content.

God's tender love lingers o'er every creature,
Who humbly and patiently bends to His will.
Oh, Son of our Father—compassionate Teacher—
Thou fair Star of Bethlehem—beam on us still.
Earth's woes cannot shake us,
Nor sweet Hope forsake us,
If Thou, Star of Bethlehem, beam on us still.

THE WHITE SLAVE.

A Tale of the Mexican Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "ARTIST'S BRIDE," "PHANTOM OF THE FOREST," "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866 by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE ACTION OF PROTILLOS.

The town of El Valle de Maiz, situated near the river Panuco, in the province of San Luis Potosi, was by far the largest, neatest, handsomest and most important place we had yet seen. It contained several churches, and large, fine dwellings, and its shops of trade, fronting upon the *plaza*, were rich in goods of all descriptions. As most of the inhabitants, believing us to be a band of robbers and assassins, had fled with such precipitation, as, in many cases, to leave their dwellings open and their goods actually exposed on sale, our men had every temptation to enrich themselves at the expense of a conquered foe; but they were deterred by the stern orders of Mina, whose disposition it was, to say nothing of his policy, to prove to the peaceable citizens he was not the heretic and plunderer his foes had represented him.

Ordering the whole division to the *plaza*, he in a brief speech congratulated his troops on their first victory, thanked them for their gallantry, and said he trusted they would prove themselves generous conquerors, by abstaining from every act of sacrilege, plunder and personal violence; but if there were any present whose moral natures would not restrain them from the aggressions of the kind named, he wished them to bear in mind that such were opposed to his positive orders, and any and every violation of the natural rights of the citizens would be severely punished.

He further stated, that, as he considered his troops entitled to good clothing, good food, and a fair amount of pay, and as his own resources were not sufficient for his needs, he should take the liberty of putting the town of his enemies under contribution to a reasonable amount in goods, provisions and money. This he did; and every officer and private received a share which satisfied him with the wisdom, policy and generosity of his commander-in-chief.

It was something of a novelty to have three good meals a day instead of one, as had been our fortune on our long, weary route; and to sleep in safe and comfortable quarters instead of upon our arms at any point where excessive fatigue compelled us to halt in a half-famished condition.

But our enjoyment of luxuries was of short duration. On the following day, toward night, a peasant came into town, and reported that Colonel Arminan, from Altamira, with a large body of cavalry and seven hundred infantry, was within two days' march of the place; and that he had sworn to exterminate the Rebels, root and branch, whenever he should come up with them. I was standing by the General when this news was brought to him; and I observed his thin lips curl with a smile of contempt as he quietly replied:

"How astonishingly these braggarts fight from memory in prospective, or at a distance! I should like to meet this second boaster; but I fear it will not do; for though I should doubtless come off victorious, I know it would be at the expense of the lives of some of my brave followers, and I have not a man to spare."

The men themselves received the news of the approach of their enemies with shouts of derision; and had it been left for them to decide, they would have awaited their coming, or even have marched back to meet them; but the General, more prudent, called a council-of-war; and after briefly and clearly stating his reasons for declining a battle, it was put to vote, and his own views and policy unanimously sustained.

It now became necessary for us, if we would avoid the enemy, to leave the town immediately; and accordingly, at daylight on the following morning, we resumed our march. And as we believed our foes would make an effort to overtake us, we made our marches longer than usual, and suffered not a little, during the next few days, from hunger, thirst, and fatigue—generally getting only one meal a day and that of meat alone.

We left El Valle de Maiz on the morning of the tenth of June, and on the evening of the fourteenth we arrived at the beautiful hacienda of Protillos, in a weak and half-famished condition, having eaten not a morsel during the twenty four hours preceding. Here we expected at least to get a substantial supper—for our guide had described the place as rich in cattle and provisions—but we did not reach it till after dark, and then we found to our disappointment that the inmates had fled and driven away the cattle; and so, being exhausted with our long march, we threw ourselves down upon the earth, thankful even for rest, and hoping better things on the morrow.

Protillos, as viewed by the clear light of the following morning, was really one of the handsomest haciendas I have ever seen. It had a large, fine mansion, and church, and out-buildings, and the clustering cottages of the laborers had an air of neatness and comfort in striking contrast with many of its class. It was situated at the foot of a range of lofty hills, and had a large orchard of all the delicious fruits of the southern clime, a garden of vegetables and another of flowers, while away to the eastward stretched a broad, grassy lawn, with large fields of corn further on and wooded hills in the distance.

But the first thought of the hungry troops, after a refreshing sleep, was food; and a little search discovered an abundance of pigs and poultry, which were immediately killed, and dressed, and placed in the kettles over the campfires of the different messes; but just as the savory fumes had begun to whet our appetites to the keenest, the alarm was sounded, that the enemy was close upon us, and every man was called to arms.

Leaving nearly one-half of the division to protect the stores, under the command of one Colonel Nobon, the General led the rest, by a quick march, to a small eminence, at no great distance, whence we had a fair view of the enemy's advance, which had taken a position on the edge of a large thicket, with a clear, open space in front. This advance consisted of some four hundred cavalry, whose showy uniforms and glittering arms made an imposing and brilliant appearance; and behind them, far in the distance, rose a cloud of dust, which showed the position of the main body, though so concealing it from our view as to leave its numbers a matter of conjecture.

It was a trying moment to our brave commander, as he quietly surveyed what he knew to be a large force of the enemy; from which, in the half-famished condition of his men, and the broken down state of our horses, it was impossible to retreat; while to attempt to fortify ourselves within the hacienda and defend it, would only enable the enemy to come up and surround us and reduce us by a protracted siege. There seemed but one hope left us, which was to march boldly forward and meet the foe and trust the rest to Providence.

Riding to the front of the line, so that his voice could be heard by all, the General, amid a deep and breathless silence, thus addressed his men:

"Soldiers and comrades," he said, in a clear, calm voice, "the time has now come when every man will have an opportunity to prove himself a hero. The foe is before us in comparatively overwhelming numbers, and we are so situated that we cannot retreat with safety. An action, so far as I can perceive, is inevitable; and all will depend upon your firmness and prowess whether we shall survive to speak of this day to other times. Near us, in open view, is the advance-guard of the enemy, all cavalry, and some four hundred strong; the cloud of dust you see in the distance is the main body, of whose numbers I cannot speak with certainty, though I shall probably not over-estimate if I set them down at a thousand men; but this body cannot get up immediately, and our only hope is in boldly attacking and defeating the advance before the main division arrives to its support. The question therefore is, Are you willing, are you ready, for the conflict?"

Three loud and hearty cheers at once burst from every man of that gallant little band; and with a proud and flashing eye, the General added:

"Remember El Valle de Maiz! and let your battle-shout be 'God and liberty!'"

Orders were then given to form for action, and were rapidly executed. Detachments of the Guard of Honor and Regiment of the Union composed the line; other detachments of the two regiments, with the armed servants, were to operate as skirmishers; while the right and left flanks were covered by cavalry.

Thus prepared, the order to march was given; and calmly, steadily, but with beating hearts and a deep sense of awe, we moved down the declivity, across a narrow patch of corn, and were halted face to face with the foe on his own open ground.

This was a challenge, considering numbers, that not even the most craven-hearted enemy could well have failed to accept—for we were less than two hundred, opposed to four hundred, with the main division of more than a thousand men already within sight and marching to their support—and so by the time we had fairly halted, the advance was put in motion and came down upon us at a thundering charge.

As I saw the lancers in full career towards us, it seemed as if our little division must go down before the tremendous shock; but every man stood firm, and they were received with fixed bayonets and a well directed volley, which made them recoil and emptied more than a score of saddles. At the sound of the trumpet they immediately rallied and formed, and again returned at a charge, though evidently with less spirit and confidence. But our gallant fellows still stood firm, and another well aimed volley rolled the front back upon the rear, causing the greatest confusion and filling their hearts with dismay; and without giving them time to rally and form again, our cavalry from the right and left dashed in among them, creating a fearful panic, and causing them to scatter in every direction, amid the cheers and shouts and jeers of our men.

But our General did not deem it prudent to pursue them, for he knew that reinforcements were coming up rapidly, and he wished to husband all the strength of both men and horses for the grand trial, when we should be opposed to the whole force of the enemy. He therefore ordered the recall to be sounded, and our cavalry reluctantly returned to its former position, minus three of its gallant spirits, who lay dead or dying upon the field of strife. In the two charges of the enemy, two of the infantry had been killed outright, one speared through the neck and the other through the body, and four others had been badly wounded, and were now borne to the rear, where the surgeon attended to their wounds.

Meantime the scattered troops of the enemy began to rally and reform behind the thicket, where, being reinforced by another squad, they felt their courage so far restored as to venture upon harassing, rather than fighting, a foe of one-third of their number. Accordingly they reappeared, some six hundred strong, and began to play around us at a respectful distance, but evidently little inclined for a regular charge, though often menacing it. As they wheeled and caracoled all around us, and darted hither and thither, occasionally making a feint to charge, and flourished their weapons with shouts of defiance, they kept the division continually on the alert, and proved, what they intended to be, a constant source of annoyance. Their object we could already see was to keep us occupied till the main division could get up; but though we comprehended their design, we possessed no means of preventing its execution. We kept up a scattering fire, which did little damage; and on two or three occasions our little band of cavalry charged parties of four times their number; but they only retreated or fled, to return as soon as the pursuit was over, and as their horses were in better condition than ours, they easily eluded their exasperated foes.

From the moment of marching down from the elevation whence we first espied the enemy, we had altogether lost sight of the main division—the thicket before us prevented us from seeing its approach—and the cavalry kept the General and his aids from riding back to get another view of the broad plain which lay between us and the distant hills.

But the time had now come when we were no longer to be kept in doubt as to the position, intention, and strength of the enemy—for at the signal of a bugle, the cavalry which had harassed us for an hour, suddenly wheeled and dashed away to the right and left, and at the same instant a tremendous fire of grape and musketry was poured into us from the thicket, and several of our gallant little band fell. The fire now opened from our line, and for another half hour was maintained against tremendous odds with unflinching spirits, our men being well provided with buck-shot and ball, and loading with both, which did signal execution upon our foes.

Finding that the enemy was determined to stand his ground, even though he might lack the courage to advance at a charge and crush us with numbers—and finding also that our ranks were being thinned at every fire, and must eventually be all cut down—General Mina resolved to fall back upon the hacienda and unite his divided force.

But no sooner had we commenced a slow and orderly retreat, than the enemy, believing the victory his, poured forth in all his strength from his concealment, and displayed to our astonished eyes a body of eleven hundred cavalry and nearly seven hundred infantry. The former, making a feint to charge us, forced us to halt for defence; when they contented themselves with turning our flanks, galloping around us, and spearing all the wounded they could reach—the poor fellows on the ground, who were able to load and fire, continuing the fight till they were deprived of life by their inhuman adversaries.

So far I had only acted in the capacity of aid to the General, and as a sort of volunteer in two or three charges of the cavalry; but at this moment a heavy shot from one of the enemy's batteries brought down the Captain of Dragoons, rolling horse and rider in the dust, and I was immediately assigned the command of the troop. At the head of some thirty brave fellows, among whom was the gallant Kentuckian, I made several desperate charges; and though the enemy paid dearly for each, I was deeply grieved to perceive that my own little band came up less at every rally.

Our condition had now become desperate indeed—a hundred and fifty men opposed to seventeen hundred—the left of the enemy's infantry protected by the strong fence of a cornfield, the right flanked by five hundred cavalry, with some five or six hundred more ranging the field on all sides of us, and a withering fire of musketry and cannon pouring in upon us.

"Laurens," said General Mina, riding up to me, and speaking in a cool, unimpassioned tone, though his features were flushed with excitement, "we must be reinforced by the division at the hacienda, or we are lost! Can you cut your way through yonder horsemen and bring us aid?"

"I will try, General," I replied.

"I cannot spare the whole of your troop," he rejoined; "but take as few as will serve your purpose and make the trial."

I selected ten, Fighting Ben and Hawkins among the number, and, watching a favorable opportunity, made a bold dash for Protillos. But the ranging lancers—either comprehending my design, or courageously believing they could annihilate so small a force—came swooping down upon us, to the number of two hundred; and before we had got a quarter of a mile from the scene of action, we found ourselves involved in a close and terrific combat. We were completely surrounded; there was no alternative of advance or retreat—no hope of succor; we could only fight and die like men and soldiers; and with yells of rage and defiance, we laid about us with fury—sabre to lance, and sabre to sabre—and one by one we sank to a bloody bed, overpowered by numbers, but not by courage or skill.

Weak and bleeding, I remember fighting with all my strength, and the desperation of one who knows his fate, but will yield only to death. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my breast—my brain reeled—a film came over my eyes—darkness succeeded—and I knew no more.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A SAD FAREWELL.

The return to life from a state of unconsciousness bordering on death, is generally attended with an unpleasant feeling of wonder and confusion, not unlike that experienced on being suddenly awakened in a strange place, in the dead hours of night; and if the last remembrance has been of approaching death, and memory comes back with the rousing faculties, ten to one that we seek in the objects around us for a proof that we have already entered upon that life beyond the grave, to which we have so often turned the eye of the mind with hope, with trembling, and with awe. Such at least has been my own experience on more than one occasion, and so it was on the one I now present to the reader.

When, therefore, from the darkness of death, which closed around me on the field of carnage, I again opened my eyes to a consciousness of existence, I shuddered at the awful vision which met my eager gaze. Above me, half-bending over me, was a shadowy figure, whose grinning face, frowning brow, and glaring eyes, filled me with horror; and believing for the moment I had passed the boundaries of time, and entered the unholy realm of unholy spirits, my very soul seemed to utter a groan of agony; and with an involuntary, convulsive movement, arising from an impulsive desire to spring away from so horridly repulsive a sight, I threw up my hands and closed my eyes. The movement gave me a sharp, piercing pain in my breast, and I uttered another cry, but this time from physical rather than mental suffering. Instantly I felt a hand touch mine, and a gentle voice said:

"My dear, dear friend, do you know me?"

I looked up, and my eyes rested upon the sad and tearful countenance of John Forbes.

"Are we both dead, Jack?" I wonderingly inquired.

"No, my dear Ned—we both live it seems—but for hours I have despaired of ever hearing your voice again."

"But where are we, Jack? and what frightful vision was that I just now saw? There! there! I see it again!" said I, pointing upward.

He followed the direction of my finger, and replied:

"I see nothing, my dear friend, but a painting of the Virgin of Guadalupe."

"Is it indeed a painting? I thought it was a spirit. Why, I really saw its features move; and there! there! look! they do so now, Jack!"

"Be calm, be quiet, my dear Ned! you are excited; you really see nothing but the shadows caused by yonder flickering flame. Be quiet, my dear friend, till I get a light and dispel the illusion."

"Yes, yes," said I, "I understand it all now—it is the painting and the shadows of the fire-light flitting over it—though it terrified me, for I fancied it was an evil spirit of the other world. But what does the painting here, Jack? or rather, what do I here, so weak, so full of pain? Where am I? and what voices are those I hear from without?"

"You are in a small apartment of the main dwelling of the Hacienda de Protillos; and the fire, whose light streams in through the open door, is kindled in the centre of the *patio*, to enable the men to prepare for the march, and consume such things as we cannot take with us and wish to prevent from falling into the hands of the enemy. But, my friend—my dear, dear friend—you are badly wounded; and so is poor Curry—God help you both!—and—and——"

Here the emotions of Forbes overpowered his speech; and fairly bursting into tears, he wept and sobbed like a child, occasionally ejaculating:

"How can I tell him? How can I leave him?"

"Forbes," said I, "what is the meaning of this? I remember something! Both Curry and myself wounded? Ha! yes—the fight! the battle! I was overpowered by numbers, and fell; but that was in the morning; and now it seems to be night."

"It is night, dear Ned—you have been unconscious for many hours. We picked you up for dead; but finding signs of life, the good Doctor dressed your wounds, though he had little hope that you would ever recover."

"But the battle, Jack—the battle—tell me of the battle—who was victorious?"

"We were, my dear fellow—we were—or we should not now be here."

"Hurra!" cried I, enthusiastically; "hurra! I can die easier now, if die I must."

"But, my dear, dear friend! Oh, God! the words choke me—how shall I tell you? Yet I must! I must! Listen, Ned—and oh! forgive us for our seeming cruelty, as you hope to be forgiven!—it is no use, but stern necessity that does it! Listen, Ned! You and Maitland, Ben Hardy, and one other, are so badly wounded that we cannot take you with us, and yet we are compelled to march to-night."

"And what is to become of us, Jack?"

"Ah, my God! there it is, my dear friend; oh, torture to think of it! you will fall into the hands of the enemy!"

"Well?" said I, feeling a cold shudder pass through my frame.

"Heaven only knows what will be your fate then!" he gloomily replied. "It is this which fills me with double grief and dread. We will hope the best; but we can only hope, for we have no alternative; leave you we must—it is the fate of war. Were it any other than a cruel, barbarous enemy, I should have less fear. I will not disguise from you the worst, my dear friend; and the worst is, that on the body of a Lieutenant Colonel, slain in the action, we found the order of the day, which had doomed us to annihilation, every man of us—not a prisoner was to be taken—not a soul was to have quarter. But on the other hand we have acted more humanely—and this may produce some good effect—and would certainly, were you to fall into the hands of upright, honorable men. We have taken several prisoners and treated them well; and in every instance, where they have earnestly desired it, we have allowed them to depart. Besides this, we have brought in several of the enemy's wounded and treated them the same as our own. And it is the General's hope, based on his own generous conduct, that by leaving a letter to the commander of the Royalists, clearly stating what he has done—to which, if necessary, the poor fellows will testify—and consigning you to his mercy and care—I say it is Mina's hope that you will have humanity shown you."

"And am I then so badly wounded, Jack?"

"Alas! yes! Dr. Hennessy says it would be certain death to take you with us. Your head is badly cut, and you are speared completely through the body."

"And is there any hope of my recovery, Jack?"

"Much will depend on the inflammation that will set in and your future treatment, my dear Ned," returned my friend, in a choking voice.

"But do you know that my wounds are not of themselves necessarily mortal?"

"The Doctor says there is a possibility of your recovery."

"And all my hopes of glory have come to this!" sighed I.

"Your fate is indeed a hard one, my dear friend!" rejoined Forbes, with choking emotion; "but my own may be worse—God only knows!"

"And are there many of our fellows wounded?"

"Some twenty-five wounded, and thirty killed. The latter we have buried; and of the former, all except four, including Maitland and yourself, are in a condition to be removed."

"Ah! poor Curry! what are his wounds?"

"A broken arm, and a musket shot in the breast."

"Where is he?"

"In the room adjoining. We placed you two in separate apartments, that you might be less

disturbed; but the rest of the wounded are in the *Sala Grande*."

"And is there any hope for poor Curry, Jack?" I inquired.

"His wounds are not necessarily mortal, and that is all I can say. He is conscious, and hopeful, and anxiously inquires after you."

"Let us be placed together, Jack—it will be something to be able to look upon and speak to each other when all the rest of our friends are gone."

"I have been thinking, dear Ned, it would be best to leave you with the wounded Royalists, in the hope that our enemies, by seeing you with their own comrades, faring no better than they, may the more readily be moved to compassion. Surely they must be men, having some of the better feelings of humanity, and none but incarnate demons could maltreat you under such circumstances."

At this moment General Mina, Colonel Young, Major Mayleter and Dr. Hennessy appeared at the door; and finding I was conscious, they each came in and pressed my hand, and with the most tender feeling expressed their deep regrets at my misfortune and the stern necessity which would compel them to leave me behind.

"It would be certain death to attempt to take you with us," said the kind-hearted Surgeon, "and we hope your fate will be better than that, even in the hands of the enemy."

"In you and your friend Maitland, I lose two of my noblest spirits and bravest officers," said General Mina. "It is the fate of war!" he sighed; "and one by one my friends drop from me. We have just won a glorious victory—seventeen hundred men put to route by less than two hundred—and yet I have traversed the field of glory with an aching heart, and here and there have gazed upon the bloody corse of a loved one and almost wished that my own head were pillowed beside them in death."

From the time of my fall the battle had lasted for more than an hour, and had been won at last by a desperate charge with the bayonet—the infantry of the enemy throwing down their arms and flying in terror from their furious, yelling foes—and the dismayed and astonished cavalry outstripping them in the race for life. Though even now comparatively unknown to the world, and recorded only on the historic page of the Mexican Revolution, I feel proud to say that I think the victory of Mina, over the Royalists at Protillas, entitled to rank among the proudest achievements of the greatest generals of any age or nation.

Nor were our adversaries a mere collection of awkward, undisciplined troops. From the order of the day, found on the dead body of the Lieutenant-Colonel, as already mentioned, we learned that the force actually engaged consisted of six hundred and eighty infantry of the European regiments of Estremadura and America, and eleven hundred of the Rio Verde and Sierra Gorda cavalry, making a grand total of seventeen hundred and eighty well officered and well-disciplined troops. And what was opposed to these? what was the sum total of the force General Mina had in the action? Think of it, reader—ponder it! One hundred and seventy-two fatigued infantry and badly mounted cavalry! And we were left masters of the field! and actually captured fifty stand of arms, one gun, three drums, many accoutrements, and eight mule-loads of ammunition! Further comment is needless.

It was General Mina's belief that the Royalists would be so chagrined at their defeat by a mere handful of men, that they would soon make a desperate effort to wipe out their disgrace; and that in order to avoid a further collision, which even at the best must materially weaken his gallant little band, it would be necessary for him to march immediately; and it was his deepest regret, he said, in doing this, that he should be compelled to leave behind him four of the gallant hearts who had covered themselves with glory by such deeds of valor as would have placed their names high on the record of renown among the Spartans of ancient days.

"And I could the less regret the separation," he continued, "were I certain you would fall into hospitable hands; but I shall leave with you a letter for the commander of the Royalists, praying him, as a gentleman, an officer and a man of honor, to treat you with the same humanity that I have shown to the poor fellows who were wounded in fighting against us; and may the Great Disposer of Events soften his heart with the sacred and holy attribute of mercy!"

"I will not deny, kind friends," said I, "that the thought of parting from you is very painful; and the chances are, that in this life we shall never meet again; but I believe it is your duty to press forward without delay; and for myself, I will try and be resigned to my fate, whatever it may be."

In the course of the evening, the mattress upon which I lay was carefully lifted and borne to the main hall, where I was placed by the side of Maitland, and in the same apartment with Fighting Ben, another American named Wilcox, and fifteen Royalists—the rest of our wounded, who were to accompany the expedition, being collected under the portico, which ran along the front of the *patio*. It was a gloomy meeting for Maitland and me, but each strove to keep up his spirits and cheer the other.

"This ends our own conquering march, my dear fellow," he said to me; "yet who knows but our present afflictions are to operate for our future good?"

"At least we will try to think so," returned I.

"Ah! if I can only recover and be allowed to return to my island-queen," he sighed, "no more ventures, no more war, and no more *glory* then for me—but home, 'sweet home,' benign peace, and domestic happiness!"

"The angel of my dreams is nearer than yours," said I, "but Heaven only knows if ever I may behold her sweet face again."

Painful—oh! most terribly painful—was the final parting from our friends. As the hour drew near when the fatal march was to be resumed, they came, one by one, officers and privates, to take their sad, and, in many cases, tearful leave—so did us, as it proved to be, a final, an eternal, farewell. But little was said; we had been roused and kept up by strong excitement to the turning point of reaction and sinking enervation; and in general it was a single grasp—a pressure of the hand—a fervent "God help you," or "God bless you"—a dashing away of gathering tears—a turn on the heel—and—room for the next.

General Mina, Dr. Hennessy and Captain Forbes were the last that came—the last of whom we took an affectionate leave—and the last we ever looked upon of that gallant and devoted little band of heroes.

Where are they now? Alas! the pen trembles while I write, with fond memory dwelling upon their worth, and recalling the mournful intelligence of their doom! A voice is ringing in my ear the solemn note of woe—"All gone! all gone!" They marched to victory, to honor, to defeat, and to death. Alas! and alas!

"My dear comrades," said General Mina, in a husky voice, and with tears in his eyes, "in parting from you in this trying moment, I feel in all their force the sad decrees and horrors of war. If we never meet again, take with you through life the heartfelt assurances of your commander, that he has ever found you faithful, true and brave in the sacred cause of freedom. To God and all holy saints I commend you! Farewell!"

Dr. Hennessy gave us some good medical advice in a tremulous voice; and with a short, earnest prayer for our recovery, he turned aside, with a heavy sigh, and drew his hand more than once across his eyes.

Forbes was the last to take our hands in his; but his nervous grasp, heaving breast, struggling breath and quivering lips, were the only indications of his feelings. He spoke not a word—his emotions were too deep for utterance. Like one feeble and needing support, he silently gave his arms to General Mina and Dr. Hennessy, and the three moved slowly and solemnly away. At the door they all turned and looked back, and two pronounced the final parting farewells, but Forbes made not an audible sound, though his lips moved and his whole frame trembled. Another moment and he was gone. And my soul sighed: "Gone! gone! forever gone!" Prophetic soul! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

No Baby in the House.

No baby in the house, I know—
'T is far too nice and clean;
No tops by careless fingers strewn
Upon the floor are seen;
No finger marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs,
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshalled off in pairs;
No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby-clothes;
No little troubles to be soothed,
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed,
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given,
No nicknames, "Love" and "Mouse;"
No merry frolics after tea—
No baby in the house.

Advice to a Congressman.

The Commercial Bulletin relates a correspondent of the old story of Tom Benton's advice to a young Congressman. A representative, in his maiden speech upon the floor of Congress, in reply to an opponent, by his telling hits, witty speeches and puns, kept the House in a roar of laughter for nearly half an hour, closing amid quite a demonstration of approbation, and, as he thought, with great success. What was his astonishment, after having received the congratulations of several friends at the close of the day's proceedings, to be greeted by Mr. Benton, who, taking him aside, said,

"Sir, I heard your speech. I have been here many years. This is your first session. Will you permit me to give you a bit of advice?"

"Certainly, sir," was the reply; "I shall feel honored by your courtesy."

"Well, sir," said Benton, "your speech was exceedingly brilliant, it sparkled with wit, it was funny, they laughed most heartily at it, but never do such a thing again, if you wish to advance as a statesman or politician."

"What!" said the astonished debutant, "never make a speech!"

"No, sir, not that, but don't make people laugh."

"Not make people laugh, Mr. Benton! Why, it requires some genius to make a witty speech."

"True, sir, but the public has a poor appreciation of genius; you must gain a reputation for wisdom, not wit,—you can gain a reputation for wisdom in Congress by not speaking a single word during the session."

"A reputation for wisdom!"

"Certainly, sit still and look wise; *mankind is prone to reverence the solemn ass*"

There was a deal of truth in old Tom's assertion.

Ruskin on Judas.

John Ruskin, in the Crown of Wild Olives, characterizes in his trenchant style those who live to make money as imitators of Judas: We do great injustice to Iscariot, in thinking him wicked above all common wickedness. He was only a common money-lover, like all money-lovers, didn't understand Christ; couldn't make out the worth of Him, or meaning of Him. He didn't want Him to be killed. He was horror-struck when he found that Christ would be killed; threw his money away instantly, and hanged himself. How many of our present money-seekers, think you, would have the grace to hang themselves, whenever was killed? But Judas was a common, selfish, muddle-headed, pilfering fellow; his hand always in the bag of the poor, not caring for them. He didn't understand Christ, yet believed in Him, much more than most of us do; had seen Him do miracles, thought He was quite strong enough to shift for Himself, and he, Judas, might as well make his own little by-perquisites out of the affair. Christ would come out of it well enough, and he have the thirty-pieces. Now, that is the money-seeker's idea, all over the world.

MEMORY.—Memories of some kind we all have—it is the one thing which makes the man himself. If it be true that every particle of our bodies is changed once in seven years, memory is the surest guardian of personal identity. Cicero, after long thinking about it, concluded that it was the strongest proof that the soul was immaterial and immortal. Destroy it, and the chief value of life would be taken away. What would an existence be worth that had not, could never have, any yesterday—to which came no tender whispers from the morning land of youth, no words whose very echo thrills steady-going old age with indefinable bliss? To forget is indeed to be annihilated.

☞ CHICAGO.—Chicago—which in 1812, at the outbreak of hostilities with England, contained only one rude fort for its protection against the Indian tribes—now boasts of seven daily newspapers. Population upwards of 150,000.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1866.

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One copy of THE POST *and one of* THE LADY'S FRIEND,		4.00

☞ As the price of THE POST is the same as that of THE LADY'S FRIEND, the Clubs may be composed exclusively of the paper, or partly of the paper and partly of the magazine. Of course, the premium for getting up a club may be either one or the other, as desired.

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NOTES OF STATE BANKS.

Our subscribers will please not send us the notes of the STATE Banks in payment of their subscriptions, as the National Banks will not receive them on deposit. We give full directions in our "Terms" as to the proper mode of mailing us money.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"How She Managed Him" is respectfully declined.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SHERADOCKS. By H. B. G., author of "Madge." Published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.; and for sale also by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

THE INTERNAL REVENUE LAWS. As Amended by Recent Acts. Compiled by HORACE DRESSER. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and for sale also by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

AN INTRODUCTORY LATIN BOOK. By ALBERT HARKNESS, Prof. in Brown University, author of "A Latin Grammar," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.; and also for sale by Ashmead & Evans, Philada.

MR. WINKFIELD. A Novel. Published by "The American News Company," New York. Price 75 cents.

THE RADICAL.—A Monthly Magazine. Devoted to Religion. The September number. Published by Adam & Co., Boston.

THE NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW for September. THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.—Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, make the following announcements of works to be published in September and October:—

THE BIGLOW PAPERS. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. Second Series. 1 vol. 16mo.

THE YANKEE IN CANADA. By HENRY D. THOREAU. 1 vol. 16mo. Uniform with "Walden," &c.

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THE POETICAL WORKS OF HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. New and revised electrotype edition. Complete in 4 volumes, in the style of Tennyson, Farringford edition.

☞ Most of the sleeping cars in this country are owned by a few palaceres, who keep the upholstery and bedding in repair, while the railroads furnish the motive power and keep the cars in repair. A sleeping car costs $5 000 and the annual expense of running it is about $1 000, and as the average receipts are $30 a day for each car, making $9 000 a year, the annual profit is $3 100. On some railroads the profits are as high as 300 per cent.

The Price of Meat.

The New York World contains a very opportune article upon the subject of the retail price of butchers' meat, and complains that in that city, whilst the wholesale price of meat has fallen since the close of the war, the retail prices are kept up, and the consequence is that the butchers make enormous profits. This is a subject of great interest to every housekeeper, for if there is anything for which money just now is spent in large sums with very little return it is marketing. The wholesale prices of cattle in the New York and Philadelphia markets are generally the same, and from the statements we give below of the retail prices in New York and the profits of the butchers, our readers can judge whether the retail prices of meat here should not be considerably reduced. In New York a dressed carcass of mutton, ready to be cut up and sold in market, can be purchased for eleven cents a pound. In this meat, already dressed, there is no waste, for the hide and offal does not enter into our calculation, and the butchers in selling the meat are remarkably careful to sell all the bone. The live sheep is bought for seven or eight cents a pound, and his dressed carcass, weighing say seventy pounds, is sold at eleven cents a pound, for $7.70. Now the New York butcher cuts up and sells this meat thus:

Chops 25 lbs., at 25c. per lb.,	$6 25
Hind-quarters 35 lbs., at 20c. per lb.,	7.00
Coarse meat, 10 lbs., at 10c. per lb.,	1.00
Total,	$14.25
Deducting cost,	7.70
We have as profit,	$6.55

This is more than eighty-five per cent. profit, with the expenditure of very little time or labor. Upon beef the profit is not so great, but still enough is realized at present New York prices to make the beef butcher's business a remarkably profitable one. A live bullock, weighing 800 lbs., can be bought for 17½ cts. a lb., the total cost being $140. This bullock is sold at retail as follows:

Hide, 80 lbs., at 9c.,	$7.20
Rough at 80 lbs., 8c.,	6.40
280 lbs. hips, ribs and loins, 28c.,	78.40
120 lbs. rump, 21c.,	25.20
125 lbs. chuck, 20c.,	25.00
30 lbs. legs, 5c.,	1 50
25 lbs. flank, 16c.,	4.00
25 lbs. cross ribs, 20c.,	5.00
120 lbs. plates, navels and briskets, 15c.,	18.00
45 lbs. shins, 8c.,	3.60
30 lbs. kidney fat, 10c.,	3.00
Heart,	40
Liver,	50
Total,	$178.20
Deduct cost,	140 00
Profit,	$38.20

This gives twenty-seven per cent. profit. Upon veal and lamb the profits of the butchers are almost as great as upon mutton, and the World, upon the above statements, calls upon its readers to protest against the high price of mutton, lamb and veal. In this city we also think there is room for some reduction of prices, and our readers can judge, from comparing the above statement with what they pay in market, whether our butchers make as large profits as those of New York.

Largest Farm in the World.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer writes as follows:—

I observe a note in your last issue of an 8,000 acre farm in Bureau county, Ill., which will pass for a fair sized farm. But the farm which is no doubt the largest cultivated farm in the world, and, I believe, the best, is owned and cultivated by M. L. Sullevant, Esq., formerly from the vicinity of Columbus, Ohio, now of Champaign county, Ill. He owns and presides over 70 000 acres of the best land on this hemisphere, 23 000 of which is under fence and in actual improvement and cultivation; the balance is used for herding.

I will venture the opinion that there cannot be found five acres of unserviceable land on Mr. S.'s entire 70 000 acres. Their productiveness is unsurpassed. Almost all the proprietor's farming is conducted by labor saving machinery, so that it is estimated that throughout one man will perform the labor of four or five as conducted on small farms.

He drives his posts by horse power; breaks his ground by Comstock's "spades;" mows, rakes, loads, unloads and stacks his hay by horse power; cultivates his corn by improved machinery; ditches any low ground by machinery, so that all his laborers can ride and perform their tasks as easy as riding in a buggy. I had the pleasure of being present when he harvested a thousand acres of his wheat. This was done with ——'s "Headers." About ten or twenty men and twenty horses cut and safely stacked away about two hundred acres of wheat per day, and performed the work better than I ever saw it by the old modes. To give all the improved modes of farming employed by this king of agriculture would require more space than you would like to spare.

Notwithstanding all this labor-saving machinery, Mr. S. employs from one to two hundred laborers, some two hundred horses and mules, and a large herd of working oxen. Not having the exact data before me, I will not venture to give the enormous returns, in bushels or tons, of the products of this great farm. Some estimate may be made from the magnitude of the farm, taken in connection with the fact that the quality of the soil is unequalled by the very best Dakota bottoms.

Strong Tea.

A little girl, three years old, was left in a room by herself in New York, and a few hours after drinking some black tea from a cup, died. It is not uncommon for servants, and even mistresses, to drink during the day the coffee and tea left after the regular meals. It is a pernicious habit, leading to nervousness, restlessness, and general ill health, and is only second, in its ill effects, to constant "tippling" among men, or the frequent use of snuff and the tobacco pipe. Any habitual stimulation, beyond that of the natural food and drink, tends always to injure the health, weaken the mind, sour the disposition, and shorten life.

☞ It is always to be feared that they who marry where they do not love, will love where they do not marry.

☞ Ebonite thimbles are being worn, in London, by the ladies. They are more durable than silver, and always retain their black polished appearance.

THE MEETING.

I met her in the quiet lane
One Sabbath morning early;
The sun was bright, although the rain
Still glittered on the barley.
The lark was singing to his mate,
The wild bells chimed their warning,
We paused awhile outside the gate;
We lingered till it was too late
To go to church that morning!

Again we met. The whisp'ring leaves
Glanced nigh in light and shadow;
The reapers piled the yellow sheaves;
The bees hummed o'er the meadow.
The royal sun rose up in state,
Our marriage-day adorning;
The bells rang out; wide stood the gate,
And neither of us was too late
To go to church *that* morning!

Cure for Snake and Insect Poison.

This is the Smithsonian antidote for snake and insect poison:

Ten grains of the iodide of potassium.
Thirty grains of iodine.
One ounce of water, the solvent.

To be kept in a vial with a ground glass stopper, and *applied externally* to the wound. It is not to be taken as medicine internally. In using it no time is to be lost, as death often ensues from a snake bite in fifteen minutes. Bites usually are inflicted on the hands or feet; and when this is the case, the first thing to be done is to stop the circulation of it with the blood, by applying a ligature to the leg or arm above the wound. A pocket handkerchief, the suspender, a piece of rope, or strip of bark, in an emergency can be used; and a gun, umbrella, or walking stick, or a limb of a tree or axe, or hoe helve, can be made a *tourniquet* to tighten the bandage. Then saturate a piece of cotton batting, sponge, a lock of wool or anything that will hold the fluid, with the antidote and sponge the bite with it, and bind it to it, keeping it wet with it, until it effects a cure, which it will do in an hour, and sometimes instantly. If practicable, a cupping glass ought to be applied, and the antidote should be placed upon the blister; but as bites usually are inflicted upon the fingers or toes, or among tendons and bones of the wrists, ankles, or protuberances of the feet and hands, the process of cupping is frequently impossible. The antidote is so complete that five drops of undiluted poison from the fangs of a rattle-snake, mixed with five drops of the antidote, and inserted in a wound with a syringe was found by experiment to be as harmless as ten drops of water.

Jean Ingelow.

A private letter from London, referring to Jean Ingelow, states that the authoress devotes the most of the money she receives from her writings to charitable purposes. She lives in London with her mother, in a very retired manner, giving a large part of her time, when not occupied in composition, to personal attention to the poor. Besides her various other charities, she has set up a dinner-table for the indigent sick—especially those just out of the hospitals, who are hungry and not strong enough to work. She has generally about twelve of these needy guests to enjoy her bounteous hospitalities, three times a week. She hopes to make this a permanent thing, for, as she said to an intimate friend, "It is such a comfort to see the good it does. I find," added she, "one of the great pleasures of writing is that it gives me more command of money for such purposes than falls to the lot of most women." She very appropriately calls this free feast a "Copyright dinner."

☞ Air is food of which one eats continually; therefore to be good it ought always to be fresh.

☞ RISING IN THE WORLD.—Sweden and Norway are slowly rising out of the sea at the rate of from one-tenth to one-half of an inch per annum. The west coast of Greenland is gradually sinking.

☞ Enoch Arden has turned up in Indiana. A Stark county soldier named Lisetor who went to war leaving a wife and child, and three years ago was reported dead, has just returned to find his child buried and his wife married.

☞ A couple in Newport, R. I., have four children, who were born severally in Rhode Island, Nebraska, Nevada and California, each of whom bears the name of his or her native state.

☞ SMOKING.—A man in San Francisco has been complained of for keeping the remains of his deceased wife in his house, in a metallic coffin. Occasionally he has washed the body with a garden hose.

☞ "Mr. White, will you have the kindness to lend me ten dollars?" "Certainly—upon one condition." "Name it." "That you tell me why your request is like the back of my neck?" "I must give it up." "Well, it is because *I can't see it!*"

☞ A Miss Lottie Bedleman, of Chillicothe, Ill., is reported to be unable to speak above a whisper, in consequence of having been excessively tickled under the arms.

☞ The gravest events dawn with no more noise than the morning star makes in rising. All great developments complete themselves in the world, and modestly wait in silence, praising themselves never, and announcing themselves not at all. We must be sensitive, and sensible, if we would see the beginnings and endings of great things. That is our part.

☞ A Peruvian plant, the Erythoxyian Coca, has been found by experiment to possess the property of quelling the sensation of hunger and thirst for several days. The plant appears to narcotize the nerves of the stomach and suspend the digestive functions, without suffering any nutriment. It may become a very useful medicine.

☞ There are some ardent devotees of trade who would almost go to the infernal regions if they could get good bargains there. The first salutation, perhaps, on meeting the devil there, would be: "Well, old boy, how's sulphur?"

☞ An humble-bee has been known to distance a locomotive going at the rate of twenty miles an hour, and a dragon-fly to escape from a swallow after an hour's chase. A few burying-beetles will place a mole under the earth in an hour, which is a feat equal to as many men burying a large whale in the same space of time.

☞ A merchant having sent, in obedience to an order, fifty barrels of flour to a grocer in the Provinces, recently received another order which he thinks has malice in it, or else that the man did not get what he expected, viz.: "Send down fifty hogs to eat up that flour!"

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

CHOICE OF COURSE—PASS CABIJA—SINGULAR FEATURES—AN EQUESTRIAN PARTY—A FINE FAMILY—A MIXED MULTITUDE—OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

We might have left Cabija by water, landing at Arica, the nearest Peruvian town on the coast, and the main outlet and entrepot for Bolivian commerce. By so doing we should have enjoyed a delightful sea passage of two hundred and fifty miles, besides by *el Caminho National* found a much more comfortable route into the interior than that going out direct from Cabija.

But by going to Arica, unless we doubled on our course, coming back again two hundred miles, we should lose that volcanic phenomenon we had set our minds upon visiting—Mount Altacama—and another nearer curiosity, which is the Cabija Pass, with its rugged, repulsive fascination, and everlasting pictures of primitive Bolivian low-life.

So, setting out by this singular and somewhat celebrated pass, which we entered at an early hour in the morning, within the first league we began to come to curious kaleidoscopic pictures. Probably no Alpine pass—no canyon of the entire Rocky Mountain Range, not the whole Andean line of everlasting masonry presents features in any thing comparable with those of this Bolivian gate to the Pacific.

At first, going out from Cabija, it is most like entering an immense funnel, laid along on its side, inclining thirty degrees towards the wide mouth, the upper portion cut away, the lower flattened, painted black and brown in dauby blotches, roughcast, and sprinkled with pebbles cut and broken in every jagged form conceivable—not one of them round, oval, or smooth surfaced. Then, after a mile and a half ascent, we enter the battered, flattened neck turned on edge, and drawn out into six leagues of length, zizagging at such acute angles that though always going up hill, a good deal of the way we actually go towards Cabija in getting away from it. Every where the bottom of the gorge is dry, filled with cinders, bitter ashes and ragged blocks of lava, all things in evidence that the chasm at some remote period has been the course of a torrent dashing seaward; but certainly ever since a long while anterior to the Spanish conquest the channel has been as dry as a kiln dried horn. Not a sign of moisture is anywhere visible along its entire length.

In some instances the sides of the chasm fall back at the top, forming a vast V shaped trough, the sides too steep, broken and rugged to permit the ascent by anything destitute of wings, but clad all the way up with shabby looking, half burnt-up cactus, always flowerless and fruitless. Then suddenly gathering themselves upright again, the side walls get wider asunder at the bottom and nearer at top, till in the next half mile perhaps they overhang above, coming so near closing that only a thin irregular rift appears far up overhead, through which a streak of blue sky and bright stars appear, and down in the bottom of the gorge it is gloomy, uncertain twilight, and very difficult, dark, up-hill work.

Such, in brief, is the appearance of the only highway into and out from Cabija, changing its features at every furlong, but always dry, dusty, dark and repulsive, yet withal fearfully fascinating. The living picture always to be found lining the entire length of the semi subterranean highway, both day and night, is a hundred fold more varied and infinitely more interesting, changing with every glance of the eye and eternally changing, never keeping long enough to permit a pencilled picture the same phase.

If we are to get at anything like an idea of individual features, a beginning must needs be made with some one—it does not matter a marvide which or where. Suppose we take the first that presents itself as we enter the narrow neck of the funnel. An equestrian group—ten persons and as many mules—only three of the human samples, however, worth anything like a description in detail. First of these a stalwart Bolivian born cavalier, though of hidalgo lineage, as was evident from his proud bearing and Castilian cast of features. Almost a giant in stature and breadth of chest, though evidently full sixty years of age, and his long hair and beard white as snow, his fine black eyes were brilliant, not a wrinkle marred his noble features, and the ruddy tint on his dark olive cheeks were eloquent of robust health. His costume was wide-legged trowsers of dark green velveteen, the outer seam overlapping in a wide welt, and buttoned along the whole length of the leg with Spanish dollars, having eyes to them, and set so thick as to almost touch each other. From under the gay colored poncho, flung back in front, showed a scarlet jacket, having white cuffs and collar, and all the front fancifully braided with good gold lace. A wide-brimmed, steeple-crowned black beaver sombrero, with a long white plume, completed the cavalier's costume, while the trappings of the very large, fine black mule he rode, argued decisively that who or whatever the stranger might be, poverty was no portion of his heritage.

The caballero's right hand companion was a finer looking, more comely Spanish woman of fifty or that neighborhood than I ever saw elsewhere—very richly clad, too, for a South American Senora on a journey. Flanking the royal looking Don on the left, was a very miracle of Bolivian beauty. Gracefully bestriding, like a man, a superb white mule, the girl whose lovely features told at a glance that she was daughter to both Don and Dona, alighted from our own bright-eyed Senoras such exclamations of admiration as were the best possible testimony to the girl's extraordinary loveliness and grace. Her costume was a pair of tiny green satin slippers, bright pink silk stockings, trowsers of whitest and purest linen, tucked and lace-fringed at the ankles, a skirt of heavy blue figured silk, gathered full, open in front, and reaching below the knee—a jacket of crimson velvet, braided with gold, and a broad-brimmed very white low-crowned Panama hat, jauntily looped up over the left eye, and ornamented with a red rich plume, tipped with white, made the *tout ensemble* of the beautiful girl that of some fairy-land goddess.

The seven equestrians, four males and three females, who came close behind the Don and his family, were all half-breeds, young, comely in person, showily clad, superbly mounted, and favorite body servants of the family. One thing was certain as a thing could be. The entire party had within the last half hour improvised an out door dressing-room out of the highway for the purpose of putting themselves in the best presentable plight to enter Cabija. They could not have worn those brilliant suits far along that dusty pass and presented an appearance so immaculate. Spanish South American travellers, and sometimes South American travellers who are not Spanish, change wardrobes and make toilets in out-door dressing-rooms. We had done so ourselves—both men and women frequently.

Close behind the family party came the head of a long line of mules and llamas, packed and pannicred, bearing towards Cabija packages of copper ore, quinces bark, cocoa, some silver ingots, and samples of choice coffee grown in limited quantities near the base of Mount Altacama, and packed in raw hide *cerons* of an *arroba* of twenty-eight pounds each. All this material, mules, muleteros, and llamas were the property of the princely caballero riding in front with his wife and daughter, all going to Cabija to market. We made the acquaintance of the fine old Don and his family naturally enough.

Such a cavalcade as ours was a matter of as much astonishment to the Bolivian family as the appearance of themselves and train was to us. Curiosity was mutual, the way narrow, and coming in contact, good breeding suggested a self-introduction. The stranger Don took the initial with uncovered head, a gallant bow, and a:

"*Viva, Senoras y Senors—Como esta?*"

The courteous greeting being responded to, the Don took another step, and introduced himself and family:

"Friend, I am Don Guilherme Jose Oviedo. This is my wife, Dona Dioneta—this, my daughter and only child, Senorita Seripha di Gloria. These are my people and cattle, and I am going to Cabija with such merchandise as my estate affords."

Reciprocating this social frankness, Dr. Bond, always our chairman of committee upon such occasions, informed Don Guilherme who and what we were, made him comprehend the objects of our itinerant mission, and finally introduced us individually to Don Guilherme, Dona Dioneta and Senorita di Gloria, and then the Don having learned our intention of visiting the volcano, informed us that his estantia was at the very base of the mountain, and insisted so earnestly on our making it our home and resting there until his return, which would be in ten days, that we accepted the cordial invitation, and Don Guilherme having detailed Gervaise, his peon *dispenseiro* to escort, or rather accompany us to Villaverde, and attend to our comforts until his return, there were handshakings and hearty *adios*, the two parties passed, and we went on to meet—

Next a brigade of locomotive haystacks, built on diminutive mule foundations—great loaf-shape loads of dried grass piled on the mules, until all the animals but legs, nose, eyes, and ears were covered out of sight, the patient beasts trudging along eating from, and thus lightening their loads. After the loads of hay came mules, llamas, dogs, droves of sheep, mounted men, and women, singly, in couples, by threes, fours, or dozens—often as many as two adults, and twice as many picaninnies on one mule, covering the little animal almost out of sight—here and there a dashing caballiero, often a Di Vernon brown Dona, men, women, and maninas of all shades, from doubtful white to dusky state, a mixed multitude moving on foot, mingling with mules ladened with dried grass, dead sheep, bleating calves, quacking ducks, crowing chickens, squealing pigs, shouting muleteros, chattering peons, squalling babies, and barking dogs—every conceivable condition of humanity—men, women, girls, boys, and babies, some in extravagant holiday costume, many in rags and filth, more of all sizes and sexes more than half nude, a continuous stream, all jumbled together, filling the narrow pass in masses difficult to wedge our way through—such a picture of South American Civilization as we had never seen presented before, continually changing in features, all drifting boisterously along down the gorge towards Cabija and a market. Thus the living stream poured on all through the day and after dark, until an hour past midnight, when we emerged from the pass, and once more breathing free, bivouaced on the level sloping plain just bordering the desert of Altacama on the northeast.

During another half-day's easy, up-hill ride, the face of the country continued to assume better features, improving rapidly as we went forward, changing from a barren waste into an inhabited country, producing herds and grain, fruits and flowers, until as we entered towards sunset on the evening of the third day from Cabija the domain of Don Guilherme, lying at the very foot of Mount Altacama, we came to another Eden land, equalling in beauty and fertility the finest regions of middle Chile.

THE WRONG LADY.—A gentleman, whose lady was suffering from a cold, got up at midnight and went below to fetch a mustard poultice. In his agitation he mistook the room on his return, and went into one where there was a light burning as dimly as that he left—a room altogether similar, and apparently his wife in bed fast asleep. He applied the mustard poultice to her chest, and sat quietly waiting at her bedside till it began to draw. It did draw; but it drew an infuriated scream from the young lady who had been the subject of his unconscious solicitude. At the sound of the unaccustomed voice, the nature of the accident which had befallen him and his patient was at once visible, and he rushed headlong from the arms of the mustarded woman into the arms of his own. Both parties told their story the next day, and had to retire amid the laughter of all the occupants.

OLD MAIDS.—A sprightly writer expresses his opinion of old maids in the following manner: "I am inclined to think that many of the satirical aspersions cast upon old maids tell more to their credit than is generally imagined. Is a woman remarkably neat in her person? 'She will certainly be an old maid.' Is she particularly reserved towards the other sex? 'She has all the squeamishness of an old maid.' Is she frugal in her expenses and exact in her domestic concerns? 'She is cut out for an old maid' And if she is kindly humane to the animals about her, nothing can save her from the appellation of an 'old maid.' In short, I have always found that neatness, modesty, economy, and humanity are the never-failing characteristics of that terrible creature—an 'old maid.'"—*Old Newspaper.*

☞ RIVER WATER.—A Cincinnatian says,—"Talk about filters! Just eat a quart of Ohio River water, and stand in the sun for five minutes, and you will find the aforesaid coming out of every pore beautifully filtered, while your stomach becomes converted into a sand-bag, and you can hear the gravel rattle as you walk."

Anecdote of a late Lieut. Governor.

A correspondent writing from Newport gives publicity to the following in reference to Hon. Duncan C. Pell:

I have just come across an anecdote of a notable man in this place, which I think will look well in print, and deserves to go "the rounds" of the press. Hon. Duncan C. Pell, who was Lieutenant-Governor of this state last year, is a man of considerable eccentricity of character—a whole-souled, good-hearted individual, but decidedly "odd" in many respects. Nothing so much disturbed his equanimity as for persons to exhibit curious disposition and attempt to know more of his affairs than he chose to tell.

Many years ago Mr. Pell was about to erect a fence around one of his lots in the city, and in order to save himself from the daily interrogatories which he knew would be made by his neighbors and passers-by, he had a sign painted on which he displayed all the information in regard to the fence which he fancied could possibly be desired or demanded. He narrated concisely the following facts:—Who was owner of the land; why he fenced it in; how much lumber the fence was to contain; where he bought and how much a foot he paid for it; the quantity of nails to be used; the name of the builder, and the exact amount of land to be enclosed. Self-satisfied that he had answered all the questions that could be asked, Mr. Pell was quite happy at the idea that he had freed himself entirely from impertinent inquiries.

But one night, or rather very early on a very disagreeable morning, Mr. Pell was awakened from a deep sleep by a loud knocking at his front door. The call appeared to be so urgent, that Mr. Pell thrust his head out of the window and demanded, in no gentle tone, "What in the —— was the matter." Standing, shivering, in his only garment, Mr. Pell held the following colloquy with the intruder:

"Does Mr. Pell live here?"

"Yes. What do you want?"

"Mr. Duncan C. Pell?"

"Yes; Duncan C. Pell."

"Is it Mr. Pell who is building the fence on Mary street?"

"Yes, yes, certainly. What of it?"

"Well, Mr. Duncan C. Pell, do you intend to paint that fence, or will you white-wash it?"

The answer and the window went down together, and Mr. Pell retired to bed, satisfied that there could be no escape from Yankee inquisitiveness.

The Live Chess-Men.

The game of life has been often enough illustrated by the movements on the chess-board; but seldom has an old metaphor been so beautifully employed to introduce a most original thought as in the following passage:—

Fancy what a game at chess would be if all the chessmen had passions and intellects, more or less small and cunning: if you were not only uncertain about your adversary's men, but a little uncertain also about your own; if your knight could shuffle himself on to a new square by the sly; if your bishop, in disgust at your castling, could wheedle your pawns out of their places; and if your pawns, hating you because they are pawns, could make away from their appointed posts that you might get checkmate on a sudden. You might be the longest-headed of deductive reasoners, and yet you might be beaten by your own pawns. You would be especially likely to be beaten, if you depended arrogantly on your mathematical imagination, and regarded your passionate pieces with contempt.

Yet this imaginary chess is easy compared with the game a man has to play against his fellow-men with other fellow-men for his instruments.—*Felix Holt.*

The Elephant's Trunk.

The elephant is known to be endowed with an exquisite sense of smell. The interior of its trunk is lined with an immense olfatory nerve, by which the animal is able to detect the faintest odors at a distance. The large elephant at the Jardin des Plantes, Paris, was as usual occupied on Wednesday in taking up with that appendage the pieces of bread and cakes offered to him by the public, when all of a sudden he drew in his trunk, and continued to follow along the railings of his inclosure, with evident pleasure, a lady who was carrying in her hand a bouquet of orange flowers. That person having remarked the movements of the elephant, held the bouquet within its reach, and the animal immediately seized the flowers, and after inspiring with great avidity the perfume for a few moments, again put forth its trunk and restored the bouquet to the lady. To the elephant the orange flower is the most delicious of all odors, and travellers state that those animals may be frequently seen to bury their trunks in the foliage of those trees to enjoy the perfume.

THE OPAL.—When first removed from its native bed, the opal is soft and flexible, but hardens considerably by exposure to the air, although it always requires the greatest caution in cutting. The flaws with which it often abounds do not mar its beauty, as its brilliant iridescence depends upon the reflection and refraction of light, the decomposition of which is caused by these seeming flaws. It is composed of silica and water, and is liable to injury from dust and grease, which fill up the small cracks or fissures of the flinty substance, and thus detract from its brilliancy. To the opal, all the leading and protecting influences attributed to the other gems have been assigned, and as on its surface are displayed the colors of every known jewel, so was it supposed to combine all the useful and prophetic properties.

A BULL AT SEA.—The Portland Transcript says:—"In our advertising columns will be found a notice of a two year old bull picked up at sea. The animal was found swimming in the water, in a nearly exhausted state, about three miles off Cushnagua Island, and five miles from the main land, from which he had probably set on his aquatic excursion. Whether he was bound on a visit to his cousin John Bull, over sea, our informant did not stop to inquire, but taking the truant in tow, and occasionally assisting him in holding up his head, brought him safe to Little Cushnagua, where he is now quite recovered from his natatory exercise. It isn't every day that "beef on the hoof" is picked up in the sea, but when whales come ashore to see the sights, why shouldn't bulls go on a voyage of discovery?"

☞ The French Government is shipping convict females to Cayenne, as wives for the well-behaved convicts there.

Names of the States.

A correspondent inquires why the states are called by their present names, and what are their derivations and meaning. The results of our investigations in this matter are the following:—

MAINE.—So called from the province of Maine, in France, in compliment of Queen Henrietta of England, who, it has been said, owned that province. This is the commonly received opinion.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Named by John Mason, in 1629, (who with another obtained the grant from the crown,) from Hampshire county, in England. The former name of the domain was Laconia.

VERMONT.—From the French verd mont, or green mountain, indicative of the mountainous nature of the state. This name was first officially recognized Jan. 16 1777.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Indian name, signifying "the country about the great hills," i. e., the "Blue Hills."

RHODE ISLAND.—This name was adopted in 1644, from the island of Rhodes, in the Mediterranean, because of its fancied resemblance to that island.

CONNECTICUT.—This is the English orthography of the Indian word Quon-eh-ta-cut, which signifies "the long river."

NEW YORK.—Named by the Duke of York, under color of title given him by the English crown in 1664.

NEW JERSEY.—So called in honor of Sir George Carteret, who was Governor of the island of Jersey, in the British Channel.

PENNSYLVANIA.—From Admiral Penn, the father of the founder of the colony, meaning "Penn's woods."

DELAWARE.—In honor of Thomas West, Lord de-la-Ware, who visited the bay and died there in 1610.

MARYLAND.—After Henrietta Maria, queen of Charles I. of England.

VIRGINIA.—So called in honor of Queen Elizabeth, the "virgin queen," in whose reign Sir Walter Raleigh made the first attempt to colonize that region.

NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA were originally in one tract, called "Carolana," after Charles IX. of France, in 1504. Subsequently, in 1665, the name was altered to Carolina.

GEORGIA.—So called in honor of George II. of England, who established a colony in that region in 1732.

FLORIDA.—Ponce de Leon, who discovered this portion of North America in 1512, named it Florida in commemoration of the day he landed there, which was the Pasquas de Flores of the Spaniards, or "Feast of Flowers," otherwise known as Easter Sunday.

ALABAMA.—Formerly a portion of Mississippi territory, admitted into the Union as a state in 1819. The name is of Indian origin, signifying "here we rest."

MISSISSIPPI.—Formerly a portion of the province of Louisiana. So named in 1800, from the great river on its western line. The term is of Indian origin, meaning "long river."

LOUISIANA.—From Louis XIV. of France, who for some time prior to 1768 owned the territory.

ARKANSAS.—From "Kansas," the Indian word for "smoky water," with the French prefix "arc," bow.

TENNESSEE.—Indian for "river of the big bend," i. e., the Mississippi, which is its western boundary.

KENTUCKY.—Indian for "at the head of the river."

OHIO.—From the Indian, meaning "beautiful." Previously applied to the river, which traverses a great part of its borders.

MICHIGAN.—Previously applied to the lake, the Indian name for a fish weir. So called from the fancied resemblance of the lake to a fish-trap.

INDIANA.—So called in 1802, from the American Indians.

ILLINOIS.—From the Indian "illini," men, and the French suffix "ois," together signifying "tribe of men."

WISCONSIN.—Indian term for a "wild-rushing channel."

MISSOURI.—Named in 1821, from the great branch of the Mississippi which flows through it. Indian term meaning "muddy."

IOWA.—From the Indian, signifying "the drowsy ones."

MINNESOTA.—Indian for "cloudy water."

CALIFORNIA.—The name given by Cortes, the discoverer of that region. He probably obtained it from an old Spanish romance, in which an imaginary island of that name is described as abounding in gold.

OREGON.—According to some from the Indian oregon, "river of the west." Others consider it derived from the Spanish "oregano," wild marjoram, which grows abundantly on the Pacific coast.—*Phrenological Journal.*

☞ It seems, by John Trapp's Scriptural commentary, published in 1656-7, that the word "jolly" is an old word and was not disdained even by a commentator. He says, "All was jolly quiet at Ephesus before St. Paul came thither."

☞ We have seen in a coppersmith's workshop thin cushions of India-rubber cuttings placed under the legs of the benches, with a remarkable effect. The workmen in the shop below had long been annoyed and deafened by the noise of the hammering; but when the cushions were placed, as above described, the noise was so much deadened that scarcely a sound passed through the floor. At the same time, there was no loss of solidity in the benches.

☞ The last number of the Westminster Review pays the following high compliment to the oration of President Lincoln at the consecration of the burial-ground at Gettysburg: "It has but one equal: in that pronounced upon those who fell during the first year of the Peloponesian war, and in one respect it is superior to that great speech. It is not only more touching and pathetic, but we know with absolute certainty that it was really delivered. Nature here fairly takes precedence of art, even though it be the art of Thucydides."

☞ By consulting the map of California, you will find on the northern border the county of Siskiyou, the county town of which is Yreka. This town boasts of a bakery (as what town does not?) the sign of which "institution" bears the legend:

YREKA BAKERY.

Now spell the above from right to left, and it will show a wonderful combination of letters.

☞ Many of the London clergymen have refused to take vacations this year, but have remained in the city to cheer those afflicted with cholera.

Concerning Amber.

Amber, so extensively employed as mouth-pieces for meerschaum pipes and cigar holders, is believed to be a fossilized vegetable gum or resin. Anciently a fabulous origin was attributed to it. As it was found on the sea shore after a storm, it was said to be the solidified tears of the sisters of Phaeton, or of sea nymphs. It is of a yellowish color, frequently streaked with milky white, the yellow color being semi transparent. Those specimens which have a clouded-milky appearance are the most highly valued, as the clear yellow can be imitated by recent and cheaper gums. It is singularly electrical, when rubbed, developing negative electricity to such a degree that in manufacturing it into the forms in which it is sold, the workmen are sometimes affected with nervous tremors, and they are obliged frequently to change the pieces they handle. It is found on the Baltic coast of Prussia, either washed ashore after a gale, or entangled in masses of seaweed. Mines of it are also wrought in Prussia. It is found in this country at Amboy, N. J.; at Gay Head, Martha's Vineyard; and at Cape Sable, in Maryland. Leaves of fossil plants and tropical insects are sometimes found imbedded in it, a fact that has given rise to some pretty poetical conceits. In the East it is highly valued, and has been used as a form of concentrated wealth, as are diamonds and other precious stones. When heated, it exhales an agreeable odor, and for this, among other reasons, is in great request as mouth-pieces for pipes.

Boils.

Boils are the result of impure blood, made so by imperfect digestion: or an excess of bile, owing to a torpid liver or the want of sufficient out-of-door exercise. They are not a sign of health, but that nature is carrying on a healthful process. A felon or whitlow, is a boil formed on the bone under the whit-leather or broad tendons, which are so impervious that the yellow matter cannot be worked out through them; hence, if not promptly cut down upon, to let out the yellow matter, it must get well by the slow and fearfully painful process of re-absorption. As to a common boil, all that should be done is to render the process of cure less painful by moist poultices, by living on coarse bread, ripe raw fruits, berries and tomatoes in their natural state, using no sweets, oils, meats or spirits. If the constitution is feeble, beef-soups and other nourishing food is necessary. Be out of doors; keep the skin clean and have the bowels act freely every day. The Saxon name "Bile" is the best term, because it is really nature's process of discharging extra bile from the system, with other hurtful humors which ought to be out of it. If boils follow fever or other disease, it shows that they were not treated with sufficient activity.

AQUATIC COURTSHIP.—A London magazine, in an article on bathing, tells the following story. We suppose all the young ladies will pronounce the adventurous youth who went on so *swimmingly* with his courtship, a dear *duck* of a lover:

"It is reported that one young gentleman who swam indifferently followed out into the sea a young lady who swam excellently; that, panting with emotion and exertion, he assured her in the briefest possible manner of his attachment, and almost choked himself in the attempt to seize and kiss her hand; that, floating upon his back, he explained quietly his position and circumstances, and breathed words of tenderness, while the fair one again and again plunged under water to conceal her blushes; and that, finally, when they swam to shore, the daring youth had been accepted, at the cost of being almost paralyzed with the cold."

RELIGIOUS TESTS IN RUSSIA.—It is announced in a letter from St. Petersburg that an Imperial ukase has just been issued, abolishing all punishments heretofore inflicted upon persons for renouncing the Greek Church, the state religion of Russia. This reform is regarded as almost as great a step in advanced civilization as the recent abolition of serfdom, and it speaks well for the enlightened policy of the Emperor Alexander.

☞ Between the 12th of July, 1864, and the 30th of September, 1864, the price of gold fell from 285 to 191—a decline of 94 points; and from the middle of November, 1864, to the middle of March, 1865—a period of four months—the price declined from 260 to 150, a fall of 100 points; yet who can account one failure (except from gold speculations) attributable to these wide fluctuations? The injury to business arising from a protraction of the suspension of specie payments is infinitely greater than resumption can possibly prove. The return to specie payments would be accompanied by the general revival of confidence, by the investment of capital in productive enterprises, and by a removal of all those embarrassing uncertainties which attend the use of a currency constantly fluctuating in value.—*Economist*

☞ It is only a few months since the London Times perpetrated a most perfect bull. In a review of Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," the following sentence occurs relative to the self-denial of Enoch, who keeps his existence a secret from his wife, whom he finds married again and happy. "He died, but *not until he died*, did he mention to those around him who he was!"

☞ A woman, whose son lost $700 by gambling on a Mississippi steamboat, has sued the captain and recovered the money.

☞ The New Orleans Times says the wounded members of the Convention are reappearing on the streets.

☞ Foolscap paper derives its name from the fact that anciently paper of that size was water-marked with a fool's cap and bells. Post paper got its name in the same way, because it was water-marked with a postman's horn.

☞ A New York paper, speaking of the copy-right bill, recently introduced into the British Parliament by Lord Lyttleton, says that it secures to an author of a work of fiction the exclusive privilege of dramatizing his own novel "during his life *and for seven years after his death.*"

☞ A wandering paragraph says that a lump of ice, say ten pounds, placed in a well, will render its water delightfully cool, and far more pleasant than ice water from a pitcher. The ice has to be renewed once in about ten days.

☞ A gentleman, speaking of the married state before his daughter, whom he wished to dissuade from matrimony, said, "She who marries does well, but she who does not marry does better." "Well, then," said the young lady, "I will do well; let those who choose do better."

LADY MARY.

BY H. ALFORD.

Thou wert fair, Lady Mary,
As the lily in the sun;
And fairer yet thou mightest be,—
Thy youth was but begun:
Thine eye was soft and glancing,
Of the deep bright blue;
And on the heart thy gentle words
Fell lighter than the dew.

They found thee, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Even as thou hadst been praying
At thy hour of rest:
The cold pale moon was shining
On thy cold pale cheek;
And the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

They carved thee, Lady Mary,
All of pure white stone,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
In the chancel all alone:
And I saw thee when the winter moon
Played on thy marble cheek,
When the morn of the Nativity
Had just begun to break.

But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,
With thy palms upon thy breast,
Among the perfect spirits
In the land of rest:
Thou art even as they took thee
At thine hour of prayer,
Save the glory that is on thee
From the sun that shineth there.

We shall see thee, Lady Mary,
On that shore unknown,
A pure and happy angel
In the presence of the Throne;
We shall see thee when the light Divine
Plays freshly on thy cheek,
And the Resurrection morning
Hath just begun to break.

"HEART'S-EASE."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA BURTON.

CHAPTER I.

"Letter for you, Mr. Wilberforce," and the obliging Post-office official followed the gentleman to the side-walk and handed the delicate little missive to him, and stood aside to watch.

If he expected to have his curiosity gratified by the young gentleman's opening it then and there, he was disappointed, for without even glancing at it he thrust it into the pocket of the blue soldier's blouse he wore, mounted his horse, and rode away. He was a fine-looking man of twenty-nine or thirty. Had served his three years out in the army and came home with an honorable discharge, and a determination to have his battle out with the world, and conquer—to make his widowed mother comfortable, even if he did own nothing toward it now, but a farm of wild prairie land in Illinois, with a half-finished house on it—a strong arm and a willing heart.

Suddenly remembering his letter, he laid his bridle across the horse's neck, and drew it from his pocket. "Steady, Nellie," he said, speaking to his horse, "steady."

"Whew! a *lady's* hand; who in thunder—" His astonished look changed to one of vexation as he read. The letter ran in this wise:

"Dear Eben—You will have almost forgotten me by this time, but *I* have not forgotten the summer I spent with your mother, nor the debt I owe you for pulling me out of the slough. I promised a *kiss* I believe, and I'll pay you when I come—*for I am coming*. I have invited myself to spend the summer with you; your mother will be delighted, for she likes me I know; and as for you and *Mrs. Eben*, I'll make my peace with you some how. There are no *beaux* there, and they are so *very* troublesome here. (The twenty thousand dollars, you know!) I will be there on the 15th; and if you don't want me, you can just send me back again, nothing easier.

"Yours, CASSIE DUNBAR."

"She thinks I'm married, that's clear. She will hear when I—well, no matter. She will be here before there is any time to clean up, and Keziah keeps things in such a confounded muss. I wish mother was able to be up. She takes great pains to mention the twenty thousand though, and is doubtless a fine lady, for all her frank letter. I wonder what she will think when Hans comes to the table without a coat—and Keziah kneads bread with a pipe in her mouth. What will she think of the cobwebby walls and helter-skelter house. The 15th—that's to-morrow; if she'd given longer notice, I'd have had the whole village up cleaning but I'd have been *dosed*. I wonder what she *will* think when she knows I'm not married; and here's about the whole business. Oh confound it!"

He set Nellie into quite a brisk canter as he said this, then reined her up so suddenly, that she turned her head, her great intelligent eyes looking the remonstrance she could not speak.

He saw this look, and laid his hand caressingly on her glossy neck, and began talking to her as if she were human.

"I'm cross and put out, Nellie. I eschewed the whole race of women four years ago, and here's one coming to the very house. I want to run away somewhere and not come back till this little baggage is gone? There, I have it—I have it! I'll go to Chicago about that reaper I've got to have. There's plenty of time, to be sure, but this will serve as an excuse. She won't stay long while Keziah is mistress; and she'll be gone by the time I get back."

He felt like shouting his relief, as he rode swiftly as might be over the soft prairie roads, till he came to the house he called *home*. A pretty house it would have been if it had been finished, with four gables and two bow-windows. He had had his own idea of a home, and his own idea of the woman who should be the presiding genius of his fairy-palace; but this very house had proved the "bone of contention," and they quarrelled as foolish lovers always do almost. But *this* was a serious *quarrel*, so they parted, and Jerusha Goodwin married a young dandy-lawyer of Forreston. Eben went to the war, that universal asylum for disappointed lovers; and the fatal house had never been finished. Since his return from the army he had given it one coat of paint, unboarded and put glass in the windows, but the furniture he had bought with such high hopes, lay unused in unused rooms, as the house was unoccupied save Eben's own sleeping-room, his mother's, and a dingy, greasy den called by Keziah "the kitchen." His mother was an invalid; they were not overstocked with this world's goods, and Keziah, their "help," kept things in such deplorable confusion that he was discouraged.

As he dismounted and threw his bridle over his arm to open the gate, he cast his eye over the wide expanse of brown ploughed land. "There's not a better piece of corn-land in the county; and that young orchard is doing finely. All is not dark after all; day will break by-and-by perhaps. 'Every dog has his day' they say, and its about time I had mine."

As far as his domain extended all was orderly. The wood was piled neatly in the wood-house; the picket-fence around the garden was straight and tight. The poultry-yard and house one that a fowl might be proud of; even the pig-sty was kept neater, the neighbors were wont to say, than the kitchen. The back stoop on this particular afternoon was ornamented with a row of dingy milk-pans set out to "sun," a tub of dirty water with a mop in it, and a pail brimming with greasy slops; Keziah had been trying to improve the looks of the domicile, but it was a doubtful improvement. Little puddles of water stood over the floor, and Eben's feet plashed in them as he walked through the room on the way to his mother's chamber. Keziah had knocked out a pane of glass with her mop handle, and had supplied its place with a dirty table cloth, the corner of which was now flapping in the wind. His eye took in all these little items at a glance, but he was too well accustomed to such things to notice them farther than to heave a sigh as he thought how *mother* used to do when she was up.

His mother's care-worn face lighted up when he came in, and she half raised herself to greet him. He bent over her, arranging the pillows so that they supported her, opened a window to let in the fresh spring air, and then sat down by the bed.

"How refreshing that air is; I have been coaxing Keziah to open it, but she is so much afraid of pure air."

"Yes, or anything else pure for that matter," he was going to say, but checked himself in time.

"Mother, I think I had better go up to Chicago about a reaper, now the corn is all in; Hans can finish up the garden; and I shan't be gone more than a week. What do you say?"

"You know your business best, my son, but I am so cowardly about letting you out of my sight since you came home. Couldn't you send?"

"Not very well. Did you ever hear the fable of the old lark and her little ones, the moral of which was, 'If you want anything done promptly and well, do it yourself!' I find this same rule works admirably in my case, mother."

And then after all was arranged he drew from his pocket *the letter*, and gave it to his mother, standing by while she read it to see how she took it.

"It's from the little girl who was here one summer when we lived in the cabin; she wants to come again," he said, carelessly.

She read the letter through and put it down.

"This will be awkward for both of you, Eben. She never thinks but the house has a mistress; and helpless as I am, I cannot be called one. But I shall be glad to see her. If only we could make it pleasant for her. Hadn't you better delay your business, Eben?"

Delay his business indeed! when it had been raked up for the emergency.

"Couldn't possibly, mother; besides, she won't stay three days in this den."

"I am afraid not; but I feel that I should be livelier with a young voice and step about the house."

"You are getting poetical, mother. But haven't *I* a 'young voice and step'—won't I do?"

"You might find something better to do than try to tease your mother; you know you are not young—quite an old bachelor you are getting to be; besides, your step is not at all musical sometimes, you know."

"When Keziah soaks my hat in the wash-bowl, or drowns kittens in the water-pail, do I make much noise, mother?"

"'Quite a considerable deal,' Keziah would say; but, my poor boy, you have much to bear, and the worst of it is I see no end."

"Never mind; when I am shut up all day long, as you are, you will hear some grumbling; but we must arrange it about this little lady that's coming. Set Mandy to fix a room; she knows more about such things than Keziah."

The next morning, Mandy, the little "took" girl, herself as good a driver as Eben, went with him in the little corn colored and black wagon to the station, to drive the young lady back. It was a pleasant spring morning. The crab-apple and wild plum trees in the corners of the zig-zag fence gave forth fragrance from their cloudy pink and white blossoms. The blue-bird's morning hymn mingled with the lonesome "*boom oom boom*" of the prairie hen in her distant grassy covert, while the long line of woods with its low border of witch-hazel not yet in leaf, looked like a huge green and gray serpent, winding away in the distance.

Little cared Eben Wilberforce for all these beauties; he was more disturbed than he cared to own to himself. Here he was, a man strong as a young Hercules, who had stood up on the battle-field where shot and shell fell like hail around him, and fought hard and well with never a thought of retreat—here he was running away from a little school girl, running at the first alarm, leaving the field before the enemy came in sight. He had a great mind to go back and brave it out, but after he had given the reins to Mandy, and the train came shrieking in and stopped at the bird cage station house, his resolution failed. Only one passenger alighted—a young girl, rather tall, and very slender and graceful, with brown hair and velvet-brown eyes. Eben's heart smote him when he saw the brown eyes look so startled and anxious, and he went up to her and asked if she was the young lady who was going to Mrs. Wilberforce's. She looked up eagerly—

"Yes. Are you Mr. Wilberforce?"

He evaded a direct reply to this by pointing to the wagon where Mandy sat, almost dislocating her neck in her endeavors to see the "fine lady" the irate Keziah had that morning informed her was coming. He had just time to request a friend there to see the young lady on her way safely, receive her thanks, and jump on the train as it began to move slowly past the station.

CHAPTER II.

Mandy sat in the wagon till the young lady came up, watching admiringly the graceful sweep of her long skirts, and mentally comparing the feathers in her hat to those in the "white shang'y rooster's tail" at home, and wondering if she had not started in a *hurry*, as she saw her hat was not finished—not having the sign or vestige of *brim* and no *strings*.

"Is 'll come off—sure as nuts," she thought. "Wait till the wind gits hold uv it." She chuckled audibly when she thought of the "fine lady's" discomfiture when she saw her delicate whited plumed hat blown into the muddy slough. But no such catastrophe occurred, and when Mandy expressed her surprise thereat the young lady laughed.

"Don't you see there's nothing to blow away? and if it should blow away what matter? I've got a shaker in my trunk, and I'm going to be as rustic as possible this summer."

Mandy's mouth once opened she was not at all backward, and when they came in sight of the house Miss Cassie Dunbar was in possession of the family history of the Wilberforces from Mandy's point of view.

"That is a new house, is it not?"

"It was built four years ago, when Mister Eben thought he was goin' to marry Jerusha Goodwin; it ain't finished yet—if it was it 'ud be a finer house than the one Judge Simpson's so proud on."

"*Isn't* the young gentleman married?"

"No, they quar'led about them bow windows"—then seeing the appalled look on her listener's face, and attributing it to ignorance she condescended to explain: "them *bulgin'* things on the west end. She said she warn't goin' to have *her* house built like a *store*, and so they split. *She* didn't care—she'd a chance to marry a lawyer at Forreston, and she done it in two weeks after. Some said she quar'led apurpose to git him, the lawyer. If she did she's paid up good. He was poor, and he gambled and drinked. He's dead now, and she's three little children to take care on besides herself. Yes, she's got her *come-up-ance*."

"Did he—did the young gentleman take it much to heart?" she asked, her cheek taking the glow of the carnation as she thought of *the letter*, and the dear *Eben*, and the *kiss* she had meditated giving him on her arrival.

"He went right off to the war. Folks kept spitying him; she'd published it all purty well, and he's more *riled* I calkilate than hurt. Did you ever see him, miss?"

"Oh, yes, I spent one whole summer with his mother. I hope they are well."

"Mrs. Wilberforce is never well, and *he's* not to home."

"Not at home!" she exclaimed, expressing sudden relief. "Where is he?"

"Gone to Chicago. That tall, good-looking chap that showed you the wagon was him."

Mandy triumphantly conducted the visitor through the front door in order to avoid the tub of dirty suds which had not yet been removed. She had, before she started that morning, with her own hands removed all the rubbish from the front passage and swept the floor clean as "her hands could make it," and now to her surprise she encountered a basket of dirty clothes, a pail of soft-soap, and lying on a chair was a loaf of bread wrapped in a dirty towel.

Mrs. Wilberforce welcomed her guest with many loving caresses, and after dinner gave her a bunch of keys and told her she might go over the house. She went with Mandy for pilot, and came back in a couple of hours and laid her bright, fresh face on the pillow beside that of Mrs. Wilberforce as she gave her back the keys.

"This is such a tasteful, pretty house, auntie, but—"

"Don't be afraid to say it, darling. I am not able to be up. My room is bad enough, the sitting-room across the hall is worse. I can see it from here when the door is open, and as for the kitchen I dare not think of it. You'll be homesick in a day or two, Cassie, accustomed to every luxury as you are."

"No, auntie, I'm tired of luxury. I'll tell you what I should like to do if you would allow me to do it."

"Anything—you may do anything short of burning the house to keep you in spirits, and keep you *here* till Eben comes home. What is the wonderful project; tell it me?"

"Not till you give me your 'solemn word of honor' to let me have my own way. You mustn't worry me or worry yourself. Do you promise?"

"I promise."

"You say that Eben will be home in a week—well by that time I will have the house cleaned, the furniture all in its place, and surprise him. He thinks I am nothing in the world but a *kitten* to play and be played with, and practically speaking, good for *nothing*. I want to show him *I am not*. I believe he ran away to get rid of me, but I'll give him the benefit of a doubt as to this till I'm certain. What do you say to the plan?"

"I see but one objection, and that is want of help; you couldn't get a girl for love nor money, Cassie. The prairie is not the city, my child."

"I don't want much help, auntie. The parlor and sitting-room walls are clean, and there is nothing to do there but uncover the furniture, clean the windows and put down the carpets. I know all about how to do the work, let me try it? And the dining-room walls are speckled; if I had paper for the dining-room and oil cloths for the floors I could fix it *so nicely*."

"There are both in the house—Eben got it when—before—" Mrs. Wilberforce's thin cheek flushed painfully, but Cassie did not seem to notice it, but asked eagerly:

"Do you think I might use it, do you think he would care?"

"You had better have his help, Cassie—you are not strong enough to do all there is to do. It will please him so much though."

"I don't want help; his nor any one's. I will first clean the room you gave me, make a fire to take off the dampness, and move you in your chair into it, and then clean the next and have you comfortable first. You have such a nice wheel-chair. Can't you sit up any?"

"I used to be wheeled out every day, but things looked so horrible that I preferred sitting in my room, then I grew so weak that I am obliged to lie still now; but I can get up if I make the effort, I suppose."

Mandy was delighted, and Hans, his gardening finished, offered his services, and the house-cleaning went on with vigor. Keziah resented the inroads made on her domain, threatened to *leave* if the "fuss and trouble" went on, but when told that she *might* go, clung to the place with strange pertinacity, staying till the cleaning of the kitchen was commenced. Then as Hans made his appearance at one door with a brush and a pail of whitewash, Keziah left through the other, going up stairs to write a *note* to his mistress. We all have our little peculiarities, Keziah had a good many. Not the least of these was her passion for writing letters. If she had anything particular to communicate she always did it by *letter*, even if she met the person every day. When she gave warning which she did about once a month, a *letter* was always left on her mistress's table in the morning, who always made all the concessions required to keep her, dreading to be left totally without help.

She went now directly past her mistress's door, went up to her own room, and sat down to write. In an hour she came out in her bonnet and shawl, with a bundle on her arm, and went down stairs, giving a letter to Cassie, whom she met in the hall, to deliver to Mrs. Wilberforce. It was directed in a round, plain hand. Cassie noticed, but she was surprised to see Mrs. Wilberforce smile when she saw it.

"Another of Keziah's warnings," she said, laying it down. "Are you tired, my darling?"

"Not very tired, but you had better read the 'warning,' hadn't you, auntie? Keziah had on her bonnet and shawl, and she carried a bundle when she gave it to me."

Mrs. Wilberforce opened the envelope, and her countenance expressed impatience and vexation as she read.

"What ridiculous nonsense," she said. "Read it and see if you can make anything out of it."

Cassie took the letter and looked it over.

"This ain't meant for you, auntie. She has made a mistake. 'Mrs. Willis Campton' is the name mentioned here—and she speaks of her owing her some money for something."

"Mrs. Campton! let me see it again, Cassie. Sure enough, Mrs. Willis Campton. I think I understand it now, my dear. Shut the door and I will tell you. She mentions that her work here is done—not satisfactorily to Mrs. Campton, though—and demands her hire the same as if it ended favorably. Further on she says that the house is 'nice now as a new pin,' notwithstanding her efforts to the contrary. There you have explained the mystery of the lamp oil on the parlor carpet, and the ink spots on the dining-room paper. Do you understand?"

Cassie looked puzzled. Mrs. Wilberforce went on. "Do you know who this Mrs. Campton is? You don't? Very well, she and Eben were engaged when she was Miss Goodwin; you have heard this."

"Yes, I have heard it."

"She is a widow now; this Keziah lived with her before she came here, and was said to be a good servant. Do you see any object she could have in sending a slattern to preside here, Cassie? You look puzzled still. I am not apt to jump at conclusions, but I think I am justified now. Keziah was sent here to make it impossible for Eben to do without a housekeeper—a wife—and Mrs. Campton meant to be that wife. Your coming to set things to rights spoiled the game. I can never thank you enough."

"Shall you tell Eben?"

"I shall show him the letter; he may draw his own inferences. He is coming to-morrow week. I can scarcely wait the time out. I am foolish, am I not?"

"He is your only child."

Mrs. Wilberforce was appalled at the additional work Keziah's desertion made for Cassie, but the young lady herself took it very cheerily. "Never mind," she said, "I can eat enough to keep me strong now, when I cook it myself—I couldn't before."

Early and late they worked. Mandy "was done gin out" a dozen times, but always rallied again as she saw her young mistress did not flag, and by the end of the week all was in order from garret to cellar. Mrs. Wilberforce was wheeled into the dining-room to see the changes the neat pretty paper and oil cloth had made.

"I don't see how you learned so much about housework, Cassie."

"Oh, I have a natural 'knack;' besides, Mrs. Genther, my guardian's wife, you know, was very particular to have us learn housekeeping, as well as French and music, and I am free to confess I like housework better than either. Now, the washing comes next. Mrs. Willard has promised to do that on Monday. How fortunate that we finished before Eben comes. I feel *so* relieved."

"So do I. I shall miss you sadly when you leave me."

"I am going to stay all summer, auntie; that is, if Eben is willing. I have planned excursions enough to last that long, besides all the work there is to do. Oh, I shall have enough to do all summer, never fear. Now, auntie, if you should fail in getting a girl, how much would you pay for my services per week? I have a fancy money earned with one's own hands must be more precious than that some one leaves to you, without an exertion on your part."

Mrs. Wilberforce made no reply, but sat with her thin white hands folded in her lap, looking at Cassie and thinking, as fond mothers *will* think who have only sons, that if *any one* was good enough for Eben it was Cassie Dunbar.

CHAPTER III.

Eben did not come Saturday night, nor yet Sunday night, and Mrs. Wilberforce was in a fit of anxiety about him. Monday morning must surely bring him, she argued, and had Mandy up to go to the station before daylight.

"It ain't no use goin' fur him; if he comes he'll walk home; 'tain's the first time; a pair of legs that went all that tramp with Gen. Sherman ain's likely to tire in a three mile walk. He won't thank me for comin.'"

"But, Mandy, maybe he's sick or something, and there will be a line for me then I know. Don't grumble any more, but get ready, like a good girl."

Eben bought his reaper. He had his business done and was terribly tired of the city before two days were past. He was the victim of strange sensations—he could no more forget the face that he saw on the platform at Forreston than he could fly; brown eyes and machinery were mingled strangely in his waking vision, and sleeping he dreamed time after time that he was lying in the south meadow at home and Cassie Dunbar was driving his new reaper over him. He wanted terribly to go home, but unutterably provoked with himself for being so silly, he sternly denied himself the indulgence, and stayed on two days longer than he had at first intended.

He stopped at the office at the Forreston Station, travelling bag in hand, and tried to say carelessly, "When did the young lady leave, Benson?"

"She did not leave at all, sir. She's going to stop for the summer, Hans told the porter when he came for the luggage," the man answered, with that ready and accurate knowledge of his neighbor's affairs that village people nearly always have.

Here was a predicament! He must face the music after all; and he took up his line of march across the fields, his mind a strange blending of dread and eagerness.

He came up to the house from the back way, just as Mandy drove in at the front gate, telling Hans, who opened it, that she "saw Mister Eben and hollered at him, but la, he just started across lots like he had a she tiff at his heels, and it wan't any use hollerin' at him. *My* 'pinion is he's crazy."

Eben noticed a long line of white clothes in the yard, and the altered appearance of the back stoop surprised him. He wiped his feet carefully on the wisp of straw at the bottom of the steps and went in, making no noise, and stood in the dining-room dumb with astonishment; then, as if walking in a dream, went kitchenward. He heard a laugh as he neared the door that at least did not sound *cityfied*, and reassured somewhat, he pushed the door open and looked in. Mandy had just been telling of her adventure, and he caught a glimpse of her as she flew away to tell his mother that he "was comin,' if he hadn't *gone up* 'tween here and Forreston."

The kitchen floor was damp from a recent scrubbing, and at the table a figure stood with its brown hair tucked back in a black silk net, and its round arms bared to the dimpled elbows, kneading a batch of dough. A domestic picture truly!

He thought the corner was handy, evidently; but thinking at last that he was unusually silent, she looked up. The color came into her cheeks, but she said, without taking her hands from her dough:

"Good morning, sir."

"I beg pardon for the interruption, but is this where Mr. Eben Wilberforce lives, and is he at home?"

"Yes, to both questions. I believe you are Mr. Wilberforce."

"And you are—"

"Cassie Dunbar. You used to know me."

"I do now; I hope you found *Mrs. Eben* well."

"I haven't seen her at all," and Cassie's face turned very red as she thought of *that letter*, and knew that he remembered it, while our faint-hearted young gentleman of a week ago found it hard work not to claim payment for *that debt* then and there. But he forbore, and asked instead, "How is mother?"

"Better, a great deal. Come and see her." And Cassie led the way, *not* to the room where he had left his mother, but to the pleasant sitting-room, where he found her lying on a sofa, looking years younger, in her clean dainty cap, with a pile of snowy pillows supporting her, listening to Mandy's graphic description of his "crazy actions."

"He's here, now; but I'm afraid he's mad-dog bit." And the girl wisely took herself out of his reach.

The days went on happily and swiftly to Cassie in her busy, useful life. An Irish girl now took Keziah's place in the kitchen. Mrs. Wilberforce, cheered and strengthened by the order, the "thrift," the neatness, now sat up nearly the entire day, and could walk from her chair to her room without help. Mandy grew and flourished, and the model prairie farm blossomed like the rose. The prairie itself was a study for an artist, stretching in green, undulating billows far as the eye could reach, the tall waving grass giving no sign of the hidden treasures beneath it—of wild strawberries, ripe and scarlet—and the yellow "lady slipper," with its curious veined leaves and heavy fragrance.

On this particular June morning, Mandy was walking leisurely up the path to the house, a tin pail of strawberries in one hand, the other holding her apron gathered up and filled with prairie flowers. Suddenly she stopped, as a figure coming up the road from Forreston met her eye—a little, dumpy figure, clad in black, with an umbrella over its head. "*He's her*," Mandy soliloquized, after satisfying herself by another long look. "I wonder what she's waddlin' up here for? Comin' to see *Eben* I'll bet." She waited till the figure turned into the lane that led to the gate, and then hurried on to the house and broke in on Mrs. Wilberforce and Cassie, who sat sewing in the cool sitting room.

"*Miss* Campton's comin', Miss Wilberforce—she's most here," she said, excitedly. Mrs. W. looked at Cassie, and they both smiled.

"I am glad," Cassie said. "I should like to see her."

Mrs. Campton came in after awhile, without a single admonitory tap, glowing red as Mandy's strawberries, from her three miles' walk in the warm sun.

"I just come in without ceremony, Mrs. Wilberforce. I am so old a friend, you know; and I knew just how you must feel the change when poor Eben wanted them—everything left just as— Oh dear, that I should ever have caused so much misery;" and the lady held a dry handkerchief to her eyes.

Cassie very nearly laughed aloud as Mandy, who under pretext of gathering up shreds from the carpet, had remained in the room, muttered: "I can't see the misery." But she recovered herself and left the room, taking Mandy with her. Mrs. Wilberforce answered her quietly:

"It was a blow, Mrs. Campton. You have my sympathy. A widow's life is a lonely one at best."

Mrs. Campton took the handkerchief down from a pair of tearless pale blue eyes, and answered, with a little plaintive indignation: "I did not refer to my loss. I should think your love for your son would have led you to guess my meaning. But new friends have changed you;" and again the handkerchief was brought into requisition. Mrs. Wilberforce looked at her in astonishment.

"I really did not, and do not understand you, Mrs. Campton. To what did you refer?"

"To the house—this house—the one he prepared for m-m-me. Poor Eben!" sobbed Mrs. Campton behind her screen.

Mrs. Wilberforce looked amused rather than grieved, as she answered,

"The 'change' you deplore has almost cured me. I verily believe that I should have soon died a victim to dirt and disorder if Cassie had not come just in time."

Mrs. Campton put her handkerchief in her pocket.

"This girl is a relation—"

"My brother's step-daughter—but I love her as my own daughter."

"Perhaps she aspires to that honor in the future. I would be careful, Mrs. Wilberforce. I heard from an authentic source that she—that her extravagance had embarrassed poor Eben to a degree."

"Was your authentic source Keziah?" Mrs. Campton colored, and Mrs. W. went on "this is not a pleasant subject. I am obliged to you for walking so far in my interest, and will try to

make your day pleasant, if you will remain. How are the little ones?"

Mrs. Campton could not say that she did not come to talk of the little Camptons, so she answered,

"They are well; but they need terribly a father's care. A farm would be the best place for them; it is a task to bring up a family of boys in a village."

Mrs. Wilberforce bit her lips.

"Yes, I know; but yours are hardly large enough to trouble you yet a great deal."

"The eldest is three years, the twins one year old," she answered, quickly. "They already give me trouble."

Cassie came in and the talk became general. Mrs. Campton forgot, or seemed to forget, her grievance, and when Mrs. W. excused herself to lie down an hour to rest, she turned to Cassie,

"Mr. Wilberforce is from home?"

"Yes, he went yesterday. We expect him this afternoon."

Mrs. Campton watched her keenly, but the color did not deepen on her cheek, and her eyes met Mrs. Campton without wavering. Another trial.

"You think a great deal of him." Again the clear, honest, brown eyes met hers.

"Oh, yes; he is like a dear brother."

"No danger from her," was her mental comment. "If *he* is not in love. A *man* would call her pretty; but I don't think I have anything to fear from *her*—but those children—"

After dinner Mrs. Campton departed reluctantly, without seeing the master of the house. "If I could see him," she thought, "I should have no trouble. I could always frighten him to death if I cried, and he would promise anything, however much he might regret it afterward. It always made Campton swear and kick things round, for me to cry. It's a wonder I didn't drown him in tears, deceiving me as he did, pretending to be rich, and never saying a word about those awful debts. I don't know that I am wretch enough to be glad he's dead; but if I can manage to get Eben, there'll be no more slaving, and I shall certainly be better off. Oh dear, there he is!"

Sure enough there he was, and his cheery "Good-afternoon," met with a dolorous "Good-day, Eben," as he reined up his horse.

"Have you been to see mother?"

"Yes," she said, in the same dolorous tone; "and the change in the place has pained me."

"Why should it pain you? *We* like it—Cassie has given it a good name—*Heart's ease*.

"You like anything that puts a gulf between us, Eben. You doubtless like this *Cassie;* and she, I doubt not, returns it full measure." She was making a final effort, and was desperate. "*Do* you like her, Eben?"

He mused a moment with his eyes on the ground, then looked up suddenly.

"I believe I do, Mrs. Campton," he said; "thank you for the suggestion. I'll act on it. Good-bye."

He rode away, saying to himself, "Blessed and thrice blessed be Campton. I've a mind to erect a monument to his memory."

Mrs. Campton's musings were characteristic. "I believe I was born in the wrong time of the moon. To think, after my taking so much pains, to have things turn out so. Campton said I always put my foot in it when I undertook anything, and he was right." Verily she *had* her "come-up-ance."

A figure stood at the gate waiting as Eben came up. Cassie, with her curls blowing about her face and her eyes bright with welcome. Mandy came from behind her, as he leaped from his horse. "I'll take the horse, if you want to go in and see your mother right off." He relinquished the bridle, and Mandy took the horse through the gate, led it to the fence, mounted, and with vigorous clucking started for the barn.

She looked back cautiously after she had got half way to the barn. "I wish they'd git married—they'd or'to. I told the *preacher* they was goin' to, last week, jist to spite Miss Campton—that's what fetched her to-day. I'll ketch forty if they find out what I *told*." She slid down from the saddle in a very despondent state of mind, and after she had secured the horse she went to the task she had neglected for the purpose of watching Mrs. Campton, viz.: weeding the "ingun"-bed in the garden, a task she considered peculiarly irksome.

"Low, I wish I was dead. I'd 'bout as soon be dead as git found out. Miss Cassie's been so good to me." She worked awhile and then started for the house, her mind made up. "I'll *tell her*. If she's a mind to put me in the churn and churn me, good. I kin stand anything better than this."

She went up the steps slowly, and as she passed one of the long, low windows of the dining-room, the scene there transfixed her. Eben stood in the middle of the floor, one arm round his mother, the other holding Cassie close to him. He was saying: "You'll want to leave the farm. If we were nearer some city it would be diff'rent, but away out on the Illinois prairie—you'll want to leave."

"No, no indeed," was Cassie's answer.

"But the twenty thousand dollars?"

"Oh, we can finish the house—we can furnish it—we can fence the rest of the farm—we can ornament the grounds—we can—"

"I shall begin to believe that you have thought of this before—"

"Oh, I have, so often!" Then noticing the raillery in his eyes, she said: "Not the marrying you, you ugly fellow, but of putting the miserable money to some use."

Mandy waited to hear no more. If she had never believed in *special providences* before, she did now firmly.

"Heart's-ease" is still the home of the Wilberforces. You can see it from the car window if you happen to be travelling on a certain railroad in Illinois, and happen to look out *just* the right time. Eben has not yet erected that monument, but feels more like it every day, when he thinks of the escape he made.

☞ A man was recently arrested in Paris for an extraordinary freak while under the influence of drink. In passing before a dealer's, he suddenly jumped into a basket containing 300 eggs, and after smashing them to his heart's content, called out: "That is the way I make an omelette, now bring me a frying-pan!"

☞ A sailor being asked how he liked his wife, replied: "Why, d'ye see, I took her to be only half of me, as the parson says, but dash me if she isn't twice as much as I. I am only a tar, and she is a Tartar."

☞ A Missouri farmer being asked if raising hemp was a good business, answered: "I can't sartin say; but it is surely better than being raised by it."

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

BY EMILIE LAWSON.

What does it matter, dear, though I go soon,
Before the golden cups are gathered all;
Before the burning heat of summer noon,
Or the cold storm of Autumn-time shall fall;
What does it matter, if I sooner go,
Wearing unfaded violets on my breast?
With loaded wains, the reapers, tired and slow,
Will sighing pass the grasses o'er my rest,
And sighing, drop a tear—
What will it matter, dear?

What will it matter, sweet, if I grow old,
And Summer's pleasant fields grow black and bare;
A few brief days of sunshine or of cold,
A few short hours of pleasure or of care?
What will it matter if I wearier stay
To reap the fruitage of the sober Fall,
To put the earlier gathered flowers away;
What is the gain or loss, if after all,
A little longer stray my feet—
What will it matter, sweet?

What matters it, dear heart, if far or near,
Waits the Death Angel—noiselessly and dumb;
For if I stay, love-fetters bind me here,
And if I go, dear voices whisper, Come!
Though dark and thick the shadows intervene,
The clouds are sometimes rifted, and I see
The beautiful dim vale, that lies between
The world that is, and that which is to be—
Only a step apart—
What matters it, dear heart?

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER IX.

JOHN ENGLISH'S SECOND LETTER.

Three weeks after the date of his first letter, John English wrote again, as under, to his friend, Frank Mashiter:

My Dear Frank—My last epistle, if I remember rightly, broke off just as I was on my way to Belair. I walked up through the park in a musing mood, but paused for a moment before ringing the bell to take in some of the architectural details of the building before me. I found it to be an ugly, incongruous pile, of various dates and styles—the east wing, which is also the oldest, being the only portion that would come out effectively as a photograph. There is, however, as I afterwards found, a charming old picture-gallery, which will make a capital interior study.

Bearing in mind Mrs. Winch's caution, I asked for Lady Spencelaugh, and after five minutes in an anteroom, was conducted to the apartment of her Ladyship, a most luxuriously furnished room. Lady Spencelaugh is a woman of fifty, or thereabouts, with a comfortable, matronly figure, gray hair, and a bright, healthy complexion. She is *bon style*, without question; and her manners are quiet and well-bred, almost to frigidity; with just a slight tinge of imperiousness, which seems to rest naturally on one who has been accustomed to receive and exact deference from all around her. Her Ladyship listened attentively to all I had to say, examined the specimen photographs I had taken with me for inspection, made a few sensible remarks about them, and then said that she did not imagine there would be any difficulty in granting my request, but that Sir Philip must be consulted in the matter before any final decision could be given. So the bell was rung, and a footman sent to inquire whether Sir Philip were at liberty to receive us. The answer was favorable; so her Ladyship rose at once, and desiring me to accompany her, and the footman to follow with my portfolio, we set out in procession for the apartments of the master of Belair.

The library, where Sir Philip is usually to be found in a morning, is in the opposite wing of the house to that occupied by Lady Spencelaugh; indeed, the baronet and his wife, as my subsequent experience has shown me, rarely see each other till they meet at the dinner-table. We had to traverse three or four long corridors, and to cross the fine old entrance-hall before reaching the baronet's own room, which, although known as the library, and can boast a very tolerable collection of books, is always looked upon in the light of a private apartment by every one in the house.

A tall, thin, white-haired gentleman, of sixty-five, dressed with scrupulous neatness in a costume that was more in accordance with the fashions of a quarter of a century ago, than with those of to-day; with thin, refined, aristocratic features; and with a manner that is a happy combination of the frankness of the soldier, with the high bred courtliness of a gentleman of the old school: such was my first impression of Sir Philip Spencelaugh. Many men at his age are still robust and hearty; but Sir Philip's constitution was shattered years ago in India; and he seems to me like a man whose hold on life is now but a very feeble one. He was busily poring over some legal looking document as we entered; and being slightly deaf, he did not hear us. He looked laboriously and painfully occupied, as though he were engaged in some duty, which, however disagreeable it might be, must yet be gone through; and was slowly spelling out the lines through his gold-rimmed double eyeglass, with such an absorbed, careworn expression on his fine clear-cut features, as would have made an excellent study for a painter in search of such an effect.

"Good morning, my dear Sir Philip," said Lady Spencelaugh, touching her husband lightly on the shoulder. "That must surely be a very important document, if one may judge by the serious expression with which you regard it."

"Eh! why, what, Margaret, is that you?" exclaimed the baronet, starting up at his wife's touch. "It is a rare pleasure to have a visit from you at this early hour; and he stooped and kissed her Ladyship's hand gallantly.

"I am afraid you told me a little fib," said her Ladyship smoothing out her skirts over the chair, which the attentive footman had already placed for her, "when you sent me word that you were not busy this morning."

"Did I really send you word that I was not busy?" said Sir Philip with an effort to remember, as he ran his fingers through his thin white hair. "'Pon my word, I've no recollection of having done so; but, in any case, I am never so busy that your Ladyship cannot have access to me." These words were said with a certain formality of manner, which seemed to indicate that the bond which, after all these years of wedded life, still served to unite Sir Philip and his wife, was based on habitude, and a due regard for the conveniences of society, rather than on any mutual liking and esteem—a view which subsequent observation on my part has fully confirmed. They showed, too, how weak and treacherous was the baronet's memory; and I was not long in discovering that while he has generally a very clear and vivid recollection of events that happened when he was a young man, he not unfrequently forgets the occurrences of a day or two ago; or even, as in the present instance, what has happened only five minutes before.

"This person," said Lady Spencelaugh, with a slight wave of her hand in the direction of your humble servant, "is a Mr.—a Mr. John English," with a glance through her eyeglass at the card she still held between her fingers; and then she went on to explain to the baronet the object of my visit to Belair, adding that she saw no reason for refusing my request, but rather several reasons why it should be granted. "He has done the Duke of Sydenham's place, and Clopford Castle," added her Ladyship, "so that I think we cannot be far wrong in according the permission he asks for; but I must leave Mr. English in your hands, my dear. You will find the contents of his portfolio rather interesting;" and with a gracious "Good-morning" to her husband, and a slight inclination of the head to me, Lady Spencelaugh swept out of the room.

"Come up closer to the table, Mr. English," said the baronet kindly, as soon as the door was closed behind her Ladyship, "and let us examine this portfolio of yours. Unfortunately, my eyes are no longer so strong as they used to be."

"You will find this glass of service, Sir Philip," I said, "if you will only be good enough to try it."

"Ah! yes, that brings out the points capitally," said the old gentleman; and with that he proceeded to examine the photographs, one after another, with an almost childlike eagerness, recognizing among the foreign ones many places which he had seen when a young man making the grand tour, stopping now and then to relate to me some little anecdote of travel, the telling of which seemed to afford him much pleasure. "Ah! Mr. English, yours is a charming profession," he said, as we finished the series; "and although it is, to a certain extent, a mechanical one, yet there must, I am sure, be something of the genuine creative faculty in your composition, or your sun-pictures would not come out of their dark chamber so clear, exact, and beautiful, as are those which you have just shown me. To see those familiar nooks brought so vividly before me, makes me feel a lad again; and for the moment, I almost forget my weary weight of years, and how near I am to the end." He sighed wearily, and sat gazing silently for a minute or two at the fire.

Sir Philip kept me for more than an hour longer, drawing out of me some of my experiences of travel; and seeming as much interested in, and laughing as heartily over, my adventures as though he were a *bon camarade* of my own age.

My visit ended with an invitation to dine at the Hall on the following day—an invitation so warmly pressed on me, that I should have been ungrateful to refuse it. Sir Philip took hold of my hand as I rose to leave him. "There is a tone, a hidden something, in your voice," he said, "which strikes familiarly on my ear. It sounds like the voice of an old friend heard long ago—but whose voice I cannot just now call to mind. After all," he added, with a laugh, "it is perhaps only an old man's fancy. To-morrow at six, remember. We keep early hours in the country."

"I shall look rather awkward, when I reach Belair to-morrow," I murmured to myself as I left the room, "if it should happen that Sir Philip has forgotten all about the invitation—a contingency by no means improbable."

Lady Spencelaugh was talking to one of the gardeners on the terrace as I went out; she held up a finger, and I crossed to meet her. "Well, Mr. English," she said, "has Sir Philip raised any objections to your scheme?"

"None whatever, thanks to your Ladyship," I replied. "Further than that, Sir Philip has done me the honor of inviting me to dine at the Hall to-morrow."

Her Ladyship's eyebrows went up momentarily.

"Hum! Invited you to dinner, has he? To-morrow. Let me see. Whom have we to-morrow?" She consulted her tablets for a moment, and then looked up with a smile: "Yes, we shall be very glad to see you to-morrow, Mr. English," she said; "and pray, send up your largest portfolio of photographs: we want a little amusement these dull autumn evenings.—Good morning; and with another smile, and a stately inclination of the head, her Ladyship sailed back into the Hall.

I did not dream, my Frank, when I drove up to Belair the following afternoon in a rickety old cab, that I was going to meet my Fate. But so it was. People talk about presentiments and omens, but, for my part, I have no faith in such nonsense. All the chief events of my life—and my career has been a strange one—have happened to me without any premonition, visible or invisible, of what was about to occur. I can guess how you would explain the matter, for I know that you are an arrant believer in all such transcendental stuff. You would say that my nerves are too coarse and strong; that my organization is not sufficiently susceptible to those delicate spiritual influences which thrill the being of a sensitive creature like yourself, and which afterwards, in cold blood (strange contradiction!) you gauge and analyse, and then work up a psychological study, for the benefit of such as choose to read your literary lucubrations. Such fine sentimental theories seem to me like the caprices of a brain diseased. I thank the unknown progenitors who gave me these stout thews, that I don't know the meaning of the word "dyspepsia," and willingly leave the rest to dreamers like yourself.

On one point, however, my organization proved sufficiently susceptible, for I had not been ten minutes in the drawing-room at Belair before I fell in love, ingloriously and helplessly. Such a splendid creature, Frank! beautiful as a dream. But I am not going to describe her; it would seem to me like profanation to coldly catalogue her charms. I will send you her photograph instead, and then you will be able to judge faintly what the lovely reality is like—only very faintly, for all the warmth and color, all the rich flush of life, is wanting in these cold, gray children of the camera. But no—on second thoughts, I will not favor you even thus far. I remember that coldly critical glance, that cynical curve of the lip, and I tremble. I will neither describe her to you, nor send you her portrait. Think of the most beautiful creature you have ever seen, and then of your poor friend as being hopelessly in love with her—lost beyond recovery—and you will have some idea of what my condition has been for the past three weeks, and is at this present writing.

Her name is Frederica Spencelaugh; she is niece to Sir Philip Spencelaugh of Belair, and is the richest heiress in all Monkshire; while he who presumes to look up to her with the eyes of love is—what?—a man without a name—a wretched waif and stray of humanity, without home or kindred—"nobody's bairn." I know that I ought to cry *mea culpa*, proclaim myself a fool for my pains, and rush away from this spot at once and for ever. But, somehow, I do precisely the opposite of all this: I glory in my love, I hug it to my heart, I bind its golden chains more firmly round me every day. I know that the time must come, and that before many weeks are over, when the last page of my life's idyl will be turned and read; when I shall awake as from a glorious dream, and have thenceforth to plod on through life with nothing but a memory to cheer me. Even so; but I will eat Love's lotus, and dream on while I may.

I enjoyed my evening at Belair extremely. What a different world it seemed from that of my common work-a-day experience! The quiet refinement of the company, which placed me at my ease directly; the splendor of the rooms—for even upholstery is not without its effect in such a case upon a novice like myself; the dinner, with all its elegant accessories, and the way in which every want was attended to almost before it could be felt; and last, though by no means least, the easy running fire of conversation, touching lightly upon a hundred different topics, eliciting a spark from each in turn and then gliding off to something else: all these things, I say, went to make up a species of mental intoxication, the delicious spell of which lingered in my brain for hours after I got back to my own dull rooms. And then she was there! I was introduced to her in the drawing-room before dinner, and sat opposite to her at table; and later on in the evening, when the younger portion of the company was gathered round the piano, and the elders were at cards in another room, I was bewildered to find her close beside me, turning over my portfolio of photographic views. I have no recollection now of how I answered the questions she put to me respecting some of them, but I know that we glided imperceptibly into a pleasant, genial stream of talk, travel-gossip chiefly, from which I was aroused, after I know not how long a time, by seeing the malignant glare of a man fixed full on me from the opposite corner of the room. He got up when he saw that I had observed him, and turned away with an evident sneer. "Who was that gentleman?" I asked Miss Spencelaugh, who also had seen his evil look. "Oh, that was Mr. Duplessis," she answered; "a gentleman who visits frequently at Belair." She seemed, if I may use the expression, to freeze as she said these words; the pensive softness of her face, that look which had charmed me but a moment ago, gave place to a proud defiant expression, which brought out lines of imperious beauty such as I had not imagined before. Presently she moved away, and joined the group around the piano.

That Mr. Duplessis! A handsome man, certainly; very distinguished looking, and evidently a general favorite. Shall I tell you the wish, Frank, that came uppermost in my mind as I saw him gliding softly about the room, with a smile and a honeyed word for every one, but always with a stealthy, feline glance out of the corners of his eyes, directed towards Miss Spencelaugh, wherever she might be? My wish, Frank, was, that he and I could be planted, foot to foot, in a clearing of some western forest, with a good sword in the right hand of each of us, there to fight till one of us should fall not to rise again. My old savage instincts are not quite dead yet, you see; they are only trampled down, and will crop up at various odd times, and show their ugly faces for a moment, whatever may be the society in which I am moving. Judge, then, whether my liking for this man was augmented when I learned casually that he and Miss Spencelaugh are said to be engaged, and that the marriage will take place in the course of a few months. I could not believe it then, and I can hardly believe it now—now, three weeks later, during which time I have had opportunities of seeing them together on several occasions. Duplessis is up at Belair nearly every day, and he and Miss Spencelaugh are necessarily thrown much into each other's society; but however much he may flatter himself on that score, I cannot bring myself to think that she loves him. Regard, friendship, liking, she may, perhaps, have for him; and admiration of his many brilliant qualities; but for him, no love-light shines in those grand black eyes—of that I am certain. I am probably deceiving myself in this matter, you will say; but my chief reason for believing that she does not love him lies in the *fact*, that *I am not jealous of him*. If you cannot understand this without further explanation, I pity you.

But, you will urge, in a certain class of society, marriages of convenience are by no means uncommon: may not this be one of them? I confess that on this score I am more uneasy than on the former; and yet I don't know why I should be so. It seems to me an insult to Miss Spencelaugh to imagine for one moment that she would yield her hand to any man without giving her love with it. And, again, what worldly advantages are there on his side to make such a match seem probable? None; for neither in wealth, nor social position, can he pretend to equal the niece of Sir Philip Spencelaugh. No—Monsieur Henri Duplessis will never wed the heiress of Belair.

During the three weeks that have intervened between my first visit to Belair and the date of this letter, I have completed the views required for the work on which I am engaged by my employers, and have now got in hand a series of photographic studies of the Hall and its surroundings for Sir Philip. I have also taken the portraits of the family, including that of the lovely Frederica—a topic on which I dare not trust myself to write further.

CHAPTER X.

JOHN'S SECOND LETTER CONTINUED.

I am writing this long letter at intervals, when I have an hour to spare, and feel in the mood. You know that I was always fond of pedestrian excursions—my lungs never seem to play freely unless I get through a considerable quantity of walking exercise each day—and I have found time, since I took up my quarters at Normanford, to visit some of the most lovely nooks of this lovely county. I had been out for a long excursion one day last week, and was returning homeward by a different route, when, just beyond a tiny hamlet of about a score houses, I came upon some interesting ruins, which I at once stopped to sketch without knowing anything whatever respecting them. While I was thus occupied, an old gentleman came ambling up on his cob, whom, from his garb and general appearance, I judged to be the village doctor. In these quiet country places, strangers do not stand on ceremony; and the doctor, as I shall call him, reined up his cob close behind me, and peered over my shoulder for a minute or two before speaking. "A tolerable sketch of the ruins, young gentleman," he said at last; "almost as good a one as I could do myself. Not quite, though—not quite."

There was so much self-complacency both in his words and his manner of saying them, that I was on my stilts in a moment. "Really, sir," I replied, "I cannot help feeling flattered to think that my poor sketch approximates, even in the slightest degree, to so superior a standard."

"There, now, you are losing your temper, and talking nonsense," said the stranger with a laugh; "very bad things to do, both of them. I am old enough to be your father, and you have no business to get into a huff with what I say just now. You do *not* sketch as well as I do—there! and I very much question whether you even know the name of the ruin which you are so viciously trying to draw. That arch, by the by, is quite out of the perpendicular."

I broke into a laugh, and tore my sketch in two, and then turned and confronted my tormentor. "Perhaps you will be kind enough to act as my cicerone," I said. "You seem quite competent for the post, and I must confess that I am an entire stranger in this uncivilized part of the country."

"An impertinence veiled under an appearance of good-humor," answered the doctor. "However, I have no objection, in the present instance, to act the part of a local guide-book for your behoof. The ruin before you, young man, is that of the Abbey of Seven Saints, founded in the eleventh century;" and with that he went on to give me a long description of the old place, which, as it would in nowise interest you, I pretermit.

"Then the village over the hill there," I said when he came to an end, "is, I suppose, named after the old abbey?"

"It is, and it is not," said the stranger. "Originally, no doubt, it was called the village of Seven Saints; but centuries ago the name got strangely corrupted, or rather, the two words got reversed, and for a longer period than I can tell you it has been known as the village of Saint Seven."

Saint Seven! Long after I and my new acquaintance had shaken hands and parted—after I got home, and while I smoked my evening pipe, and even after I got to bed, those two words haunted my memory strangely. I was firmly impressed with the conviction that I had heard them before. But when, and where? Guided by previous experience, my mind went groping back among the dim recollections of my early life, in my first home across the sea; but all my searchings into that far-off time seemed useless; my memory was decidedly at fault; and I was still musing and pondering over the subject when I fell asleep. In the dead middle of the night, I suddenly awoke, and sat bolt upright in bed; and the same moment there flashed into my brain, as vividly as though the words had been written on the black wall in letters of flame, this quaint old local distich, which the woman of whom I have spoken to you before—she who was at once so cruel and so kind to me, when, as a child, she and her husband had me in their charge—used sometimes to croon to herself as she went about her labors in the house:

We ring in the dark, say the bells of Saint Mark.
We ring you to heaven, say the bells of Saint Seven.
We ring you to bed, say the bells of Saint Ned.

Next day, I verified, by personal inquiry in the neighborhood, the fact, that the old country side rhyme which I have set down above, was not a mere figment of my own brain; but that it has a real existence, probably a very old one, and is still locally popular among the housewives and children of the laboring-men living within sound of the bells of the three churches of which it makes mention, no one of which is more than a mile apart from the others.

Is this another step, Frank, on that dark road along which I am apparently being led without any volition of my own; and which I cannot but hope will ultimately bring me to a goal where I shall find a solution of the great mystery of my life—although as yet the path before me—if, indeed, there be a path at all—is hidden in densest cloud, from which neither hand nor voice comes forth to guide me on my way?

I have thought much during the past three weeks on what passed between Mrs. Winch and myself, but, to all appearance, I am still as far as ever from grasping the key of the enigma. Had the widow's warning letter reached Lady Spencelaugh, I might perhaps have gathered, from the conduct or conversation of the latter, some faint clue which would have guided me out of the maze of perplexity in which I am still wandering. But the landlady has not yet come back, and her Ladyship evidently knows of no reason why I should be considered by her as "dangerous." I await the return of Mrs. Winch anxiously.

While I think of it, let me tell you a curious little circumstance which happened to me the other day; and yet it seems almost too trivial to set down. But life is made up of trifles, and this one may have its significance as well as others.

I had ordered a box of chemicals from London, but not receiving it in due course, I walked over to Kingsthorpe, the nearest railway station to Normanford, to inquire respecting the delay. After getting the information I needed, I turned to leave the booking-office, but halted for a moment near the door to consult the monthly time-table. The afternoon was darkening by this time, and while I was peering at the figures, a porter came and lighted a lamp close before my face; and next moment the door of some inner room was opened, and a middle-aged, plainly-dressed woman, whom I had never seen before, came out, and was brushing hastily past me, when happening to look up, her eyes met mine for a moment, and in that moment she flung up one of her arms, as though to defend herself against an invisible foe, and staggered back like one stricken by some resistless terror. I, too, fell back a pace or two in surprise, and next instant the woman passed me and out of the office, exclaiming as she did so: "Come back from the dead! come back from the dead!" and so disappeared in the darkness outside. I followed her out on to the platform, but she was gone already. "Who was that woman that went out just now?" I asked the lame porter. "Didn't see any woman, sir, therefore can't say," he re-

plied. I wandered up and down the platform for some time, but without seeing anything more of the woman, whom I at once set down as crazy; so you must take my narrative for what it is worth.

On quitting Belair yesterday afternoon, I took a road through the park that I had never traversed before—a road which led direct from Normanford, and which brought me, after a time, to the southernmost point of the park, and to the little church of Belair, where, for centuries past, the chief members of the Spencelaugh family have found their last resting-place. This church is a very humble and unpretending edifice, of the early Norman period, repaired and renovated at various times since its erection. The little place abounds with records of the great family at the Hall. The oldest monument, and one that is much defaced, is that of a certain Sir Geoffrey Spencelaigh, a celebrated Crusader, who lies there in effigy, with crossed legs, and a hound at his feet. From the time of this hero, the records of the lords of Belair and their wives follow for several centuries in regular succession, some of them being written in medieval Latin, and some in crabbed old English; some of them being simple records of births and deaths, while others wander off into eulogistic strains of turgid prose, or, still worse, into limping stanzas of watery verse. I had nearly got to the end of the series, when my studies were interrupted by the entrance of a little bustling man in black, with a bunch of noisy keys, and an asthmatic cough, who introduced himself as the clerk of the church, and volunteered any information respecting the edifice and its monuments that I might require. As it happened, I did want some information just then, and there was no one more likely than he to furnish it; so, for nearly an hour the little man and I paced the gravelled pathway of the churchyard, on which the autumn sun was shining warm and full, I listening, while he favored me with an outline of the history of the family at Belair for the last fifty years. I now learned, for the first time, that Sir Arthur Spencelaugh, the last baronet, was Miss Spencelaugh's father, and cousin to the present baronet, and that both he and his wife died in India; and that, consequently, Sir Philip is not in reality Frederica's uncle, but merely her father's cousin. I learned, further, that the present Lady Spencelaugh is Sir Philip's second wife; and that his first wife died also in India, within a month or two of the death of Sir Arthur's wife, the two women having been bosom-friends from girlhood. The most recent tablet in the church is one recording the death of Sir Philip's eldest-born, a son by his first wife, who died in infancy, and who was named Arthur, after the last baronet, his father's cousin.

You wonder, probably, why I should display so great an interest in the records of a family with whose very existence I was unacquainted only a few weeks ago. My only excuse is, that whatever has any, the remotest reference to Her has for me a fascination which I am utterly powerless to resist. Do I hope to win her? Ah, no! I am not insane enough to hope that. But I cannot cease to love her.

As I was returning through the park on my way home from the little church, I encountered Sir Philip himself, who, tempted by the fineness of the day, had come out for a ramble, but having wandered further than he ought to have done, was now sitting on a bench under one of the trees, doubting his ability to get back unaided to the Hall. The meeting was an opportune one; Sir Philip was glad to have the assistance of my arm back home, and I was pleased to be of even so slight a service to one whom I respect and esteem so greatly. Yes, Frank, and, strange as it may seem to you, I think I may say without flattery, that a mutual and very genuine liking exists between the wealthy Sir Philip Spencelaugh, whose pedigree goes back for I know not how many centuries, and the homeless and obscure John English the photographer. He himself, on more than one occasion, has given me to understand that it is so. During the time that I was taking photographs of the Hall, he would come pottering after me; sometimes content to sit quietly near me in the sun without speaking; sometimes asking me a hundred questions respecting my profession, and the different places I have visited; according as his mood happened to be a silent or a talkative one. Then, when my morning's work was done, he would often have me into the library, and show me some of the rare old volumes it contains, for he has been somewhat of a bibliopole in his time; and after that came luncheon, sometimes partaken of with him alone, sometimes in company with Miss Spencelaugh. It was pleasant to see the loving tenderness with which that fair young creature attended to the old man's wants; had they been father and daughter, the tie between them could not have been a closer one.

I left Sir Philip at the door of the Hall, but not till he had made me promise to dine there to-day; and there, to-day, I have dined—scarcely an hour has elapsed since my return home—and I am sitting up to put the last few lines to this lengthy epistle, because I am in no humor for bed.

Frederica was there—how it thrills me to write the name!—and as beautiful as ever. I know that I ought to call her Miss Spencelaugh, and to any other than you, old friend, I should not think of calling her otherwise. There were only some three or four guests besides myself, and all of them elderly people. She and I were the only young people present; for by some blessed concatenation of circumstances, that hateful Duplessis, although expected, was unable to come; and I had her sweet society all to myself for more than an hour in the drawing-room. Such moments of felicity, Frank, can come to a fellow like me but seldom in a life-time. How will it all end? I tremble when I venture to look into the future. Nay, but I will look forward no more. I am one of Love's fatalists, to whom the sweet intoxication of the present is all in all.

I found Sir Philip's dog-cart and a groom at my disposal when it was time to depart. A low growl of thunder sounded among the hills just as we left the Hall. "We shall have a storm before long, sir," said the man. "It has been threatening all evening, but we may perhaps be able to get into Normanford before the rain comes on." After a rapid drive down the park, we halted for a minute at the lodge while the keeper came out to open the gates for us. Another vehicle, which we could just dimly make out through the darkness, drove up on the opposite side while we were waiting. Next moment the gates were opened, and we passed slowly through, while the other vehicle turned the corner of the road to enter. At the instant that we passed each other, an intensely vivid flash of lightning, the first of the storm, broke from the black sky, revealing by its momentary blaze the faces of Mrs. Winch and her son Jerry. In that one brief second of time the widow's eyes and mine met: she saw her enemy, and I saw mine: next moment, the intense blackness swallowed us up one from the other; and then the thunder spoke, and the hills answered, and to these grand accompaniments of nature I rode swiftly homeward. What will be the result of Mrs. Winch's visit to the Hall, I cannot even surmise. Lady Spencelaugh will now learn how the note written her by the widow miscarried. How this information will affect my future intimacy with the inmates of Belair, is another problem which I am quite unable to solve.

The clock of the little church on the hill has just struck two. High time to commune, is it not? Write soon, dear Frank, and believe me ever, your affectionate friend,

JOHN ENGLISH.

Postscript—Eleven A. M. next morning. The widow's visit to Belair has already proved fruitful in effects; witness the following note which I have just received by special messenger:

"Lady Spencelaugh presents her compliments to Mr. John English, and begs to inform him that in consequence of certain circumstances which it is not necessary to specify, his services will not be required at Belair to complete the series of photographic studies arranged for by Sir Philip Spencelaugh. Mr. English will oblige by sending in his bill to Lady Spencelaugh, and a cheque shall at once be sent him for the amount. Lady S. thinks it just necessary to add, that the state of Sir Philip's health will entirely preclude him for some time to come from being seen by any but his most intimate friends."

Am I right or wrong, Frank, in thinking that there is something more in all this—in all that has happened to me since my arrival at Normanford—than can be seen on the surface? If Lady Spencelaugh and Mrs. Winch think that this step on their part will result in my quitting the little town, they are utterly mistaken. What may be the nature of the hidden link that connects me, John English, a humble wandering photographer, with the great Lady of Belair, and the landlady of an obscure country inn, is quite beyond my power to imagine; but here I will remain till I have sifted the mystery to the bottom. How to set about this task, I cannot tell: I see nothing clearly at present, except that by this mandate of her Ladyship I am shut out from the sweet society of her I love. This I understand and feel but too bitterly. For the rest, I must have time to think. That Miss Spencelaugh and kind-hearted Sir Philip have no hand in my dismissal, I feel firmly convinced. But as for her Ladyship, she will not get rid of me quite so easily as she imagines. J. E.

CHAPTER XI.

A MESSAGE BY WIRE.

The 4 P. M. train, on a certain autumn afternoon, had just left Kingsthorpe Station, a little roadside place six miles from Normanford, and Abel Garrod, the clerk in charge, was setting off home to tea, when he was summoned back into his office by the tinkling of the telegraph-bell; having signalled the sending-station that he was in attendance, he proceeded, word for word, to take down the following message:—"From Marie, London, to Henri Duplessis, Lilac Lodge, near Kingsthorpe Station.—Your address is known to me. I shall reach Kingsthorpe by the afternoon train to-morrow—Wednesday. Meet me there without fail." When the message was completed, Abel proceeded to copy it out in his best hand, with many flourishes of his pen, and strange contortions of his tongue, on to one of the printed forms supplied him for use on such occasions, which he then put into an envelope addressed to Mr. Duplessis; and leaving the station in charge of Tim Finch, an old stiff-jointed porter, who, with himself, made up the whole of the staff at Kingsthorpe, he crossed the line and the patch of gravelly road beyond it, and lounged slowly through his little garden, and so into the house, where he found the table laid out ready for tea, and his wife busily employed cutting bread and butter.

"I'm thinking of walking as far as Lilac Lodge after tea, missis," said Abel; "I've got a message by wire for Mr. Duplessis."

"A message for Mr. Duplessis!" said Jane Garrod slowly and wonderingly, pausing with the knife in one hand and the bread in the other: "and what is the message, Abel, my man?"

Abel, with a little pomposity of tone, repeated it to her, word for word.

"A strange message—a very strange message!" said Jane Garrod, musingly. "So this 'Marie' comes by the four o'clock train to-morrow, does she? Well, I shall be there to see her when she arrives.—And look you here, Abel; watch Mr. Duplessis closely when he reads the message, and try to find out from his looks whether he is pleased with it or not.—And now make haste with your tea, and then set off. I would give something to be by when he receives it."

Jane Garrod was a spare and rather sharp-featured woman, about fifty years old—a woman singularly silent and undemonstrative, but observant in her own quiet way; self-contained, brooding over her own thoughts, with one of those impassive faces that give no clue to the feelings at work beneath them. Although she had never had any pretentions to good looks, she held her simple-hearted husband with a chain far stronger than any mere smiles of beauty could have woven round him; but her rule was a mild one, and Abel had the good sense to feel and acknowledge her superiority, and was, I am inclined to think, rather proud than otherwise of the bonds that held him prisoner.

As soon as Abel had finished his hasty tea, he put on his best hat and coat, and taking a stout stick in his hand, set out on his walk to Lilac Lodge. The distance by road was four good miles; but Abel knew all the short-cuts through by-lanes and fields, and found by the corner of Kirkbarrow Plantation, and so brought down the distance to three miles, and accomplished his walk easily under the hour.

It was quite dark by the time he got back home, and he found his wife sitting with unlighted candle waiting his return, and, contrary to her usual practice, not busy either sewing or knitting. She turned on him, as he entered the room, with a degree of animation foreign to her usual reticence. "Well, what news?" she asked. "How did Mr. Duplessis take the message?"

"He took it in his hand; how else?" answered the matter-of-fact Abel, as he prepared to put away his best coat and resume his old one.

Jane smothered the impatient exclamation that rose to her lips, and merely said: "Sit down and tell me all about it. But first you must have a glass of beer, and your slippers on; and I'll light a candle, and then the room will seem more cheerful."

Abel swelled with a sense of self-importance as he watched his wife moving about the house attending to his minor comforts; and then he sighed to think of what little consequence, either to his wife or to any one else, could be the trivial scrape of news he had to retail. When everything was comfortably arranged, Jane drew her chair up to the side of her husband, and waited in silence for him to begin.

"When I got to the top of Lorrimer's Brow," said Abel, "I could see Mr. Duplessis walking about the garden in front of the lodge, smoking a cigar; and I was right well pleased to find that he wasn't from home. Well, when I got down to the house, I just looked in over the side-gate, and touched my hat to him. 'Want me, my good fellow?' says he, in his affable, smiling way—and a pleasanter way than he has with him, it would be hard to find. 'What can I do for you?' says he, holding his head a little on one side, and showing his white teeth. 'I've come over from Kingsthorpe Station, sir,' says I, 'and I've got a telegraphic dispatch for you.' 'A telegraphic dispatch for me!' says he, opening his eyes very wide indeed, so that his eyebrows went up nearly to the roots of his hair. 'Are you sure, my good man, that you've come to the right person?' 'It's for Mr. Henri Duplessis of Lilac Lodge,' answered I; 'and I believe that's you, sir.' 'That's me, without doubt, and nobody but me,' he said; 'so let us have a look at this mysterious document.' That's what he called it, Jane—a mysterious document; so I put my hand into my pocket, and pulled out the dispatch, and handed it to him over the gate. He stuck his cigar between his teeth, and took both hands to the envelope, and tore it open, and turned the paper to the light, for it was growing darkish by this time, and read the message; and I'm sure, Jane, it was written in as plain and neat a hand as anybody need wish to see, so that he could have had no difficulty in making it out.

I never saw anybody's face change so suddenly as the face of Mr. Duplessis changed when he read that paper. You would have thought that old Daddy Death had tweaked him suddenly by the ear. All the color went out of his cheeks, and his features cramped up in a moment, just like my grandfather's when he lay a-dying. The cigar dropped from between his teeth, and he turned on me with a word which you would hardly like to hear—a very strong word, Jane—and his white lips seemed as if they wanted to say something more, but couldn't; and then he flung up his clenched hand above his head, and staggered out of sight, down one of the little alleys. Well, I waited without stirring for a matter of five minutes (thinking he might maybe want to send a reply), lounging over the gate, and sniffing the pleasant scent of the flowers; and then I saw Mr. Duplessis standing under the verandah, beckoning me to go in; so I opened the gate, and walked across the lawn, and followed him into the drawing room. And then he told me to sit down, and asked me whether I would have a glass of sherry; and when I said I had no objection, he poured me out one, and held his case for me to pick a cigar from, and was quite jolly—so jolly and so agreeable, that I could hardly believe it was the same man I had seen only five minutes before looking so terribly white and ill. But he accounted for that naturally enough by saying, that any sudden news, good or bad, always brought on an old pain at his heart, from which he had suffered for years. Next, we got talking about the telegraph, and he asked me whether I hadn't some curious messages by it at odd times; but I told him that Kingsthorpe was such a quiet, out-of-the-way place that it did very little business in that line, most of the messages that did come being on the railway company's business. Then he asked me, what security people had against their messages being talked over and made public by the men at the station; to which I answered, that there was rarely more than one person at a country station who understood telegraphy, and that he was always a person of good character, and pledged to secrecy as to the messages he might receive or despatch; and that I supposed something like the same system was in use in large towns. To this he answered by saying he was sure that I for one might be trusted with a thousand secrets, and not whisper a word about any of them; and then he looked at his watch, and I took that as a hint that it was time to go; so I emptied my glass, and bade him good-evening, and was just leaving the room, when he slipped a couple of half-crowns into my hand; and laying his white finger lightly on my shoulder, says he: 'There's something for your trouble in coming so far. I'll be at the station to-morrow afternoon, as my sister requests.' Then with a laugh: 'See you go straight home, and don't stop at the *Green Dragon* by the way;' and so he bowed me out quite grand-like; and I walked back through the little garden, with its pleasant smell of flowers; and here I am. But, Jane, that Mr. Duplessis is a real nice gentleman, and no mistake! For my part, I don't make out why you dislike him so. It's not his fault, if he's fallen in love with Miss Frederica—no man in his senses could be long near her without falling in love with her. I'm in love with her. There, what do you say to that?"

"Why, that you are the same simple-hearted old goose that you always were. But as for your Mr. Duplessis, so smooth and smiling, I don't know why I should dislike him, and yet—"

"And yet you do."

"And yet I do. Well, likes and dislikes come by nature, and can't be helped, any more than the color of one's eyebrows, or the shape of one's nose."

CHAPTER XII.

THE STRANGER AT KINGSTHORPE.

At five minutes to four precisely, on the afternoon of the day following that of the arrival of the message by wire, Mr. Duplessis lounged up to the station, and greeted Abel Garrod graciously, inquired how soon the train might be expected to arrive.

"She has just been telegraphed," replied Abel, "and won't be more than ten minutes late to-day."

"Not more!" said Mr. Duplessis, with a smile. "As if ten minutes were not enough! I presume that railway trains are classed in the feminine gender by reason of their unpunctuality, and general remissness in keeping their appointments;" and with that he sauntered down the platform, selecting a cigar from his case as he went, and evidently determined to while away the time as pleasantly as possible.

"A nice-spoken gentleman, sure-ly," muttered Abel to himself, as he bustled off to see that his signals were all right, and the line clear, and everything in readiness for the coming train; but always with a furtive glance at the little attic window of his house, plainly to be seen from the station, out of one corner of which, where the blind was pushed a little on one side, he knew that his wife, with the assistance of a small pocket-telescope, was noting everything that happened on the platform, and patiently awaiting the arrival of the 4 P. M. train.

Mr. Duplessis, seated on the soft turf of an embankment, smoking his cigar, and whisking off the heads of the tall weeds with his cane, was apparently in no hurry for the train to arrive; and had some terrible accident befallen it, which would have delayed its coming for ever, he might, perhaps, have been none the less pleased.

At length, the lagging train rolled slowly into the station, and from it descended one passenger—a woman thickly veiled, having on a voluminous gray mantle, and a black-silk dress, much frayed and travel-stained about the skirts—who, not perceiving at the first glance the person she expected there to meet her, turned on Abel with alarming quickness, saying, in a harsh, high-pitched voice: "Monsieur Duplessis, n'est-il pas ici?" throwing up her thick veil at the same moment, and displaying to Abel's fluttered gaze the thin sallow face of a woman no longer either young or handsome, but who, not many years ago, had been both, lighted up by two restless, piercing black eyes, which shone out, with strange, baleful lustre, from beneath the heavy brows, black and straight, which crossed her forehead almost without a break. Before Abel had time to reply that he did not understand French, Mr. Duplessis emerged from behind an angle of the building, with a treble-distilled smile ready put on, and with one white hand ungloved and held out, ready to grasp that of the new-comer. But the woman kept her hands within the shelter of her muff, and drew back a step, and seemed to look him through with her keen, black eyes. The set smile still wreathed the Canadian lips, but the color faded from his face, and the wrinkles, invisible to society, came out under his eyes, as he said, in a voice that had lost some of its usual confidence—

"Do we meet as friends or as enemies, Marie?"

"As enemies," replied the woman—"as enemies till death!"

"So be it; but listen to me first," he said with an effort to regain his usual easy confident manner. And then he began to address her earnestly in French; and Abel moved away out of earshot, fearful of exciting suspicion.

The conversation between the two lasted for about a quarter of an hour, and Jane Garrod, looking from the little attic window, with her eye fixed to the end of the telescope, watched their every movement with a patience that never wearied. At first, the woman seemed to listen to Mr. Duplessis with a sort of careless disdain, as though nothing he might say could influence her resolves in the slightest degree, he striving, meanwhile, to urge some important point on her consideration. But by-and-by, she began to show some signs of interest in his words, almost, as it were, in spite of herself—an interest which seemed to deepen as he went on; and when with outspread hands he came to a sudden stop, as though appealing to her to confirm what he had just said, she replied with three or four words only, and then held out her hand for him to clasp, as though that were the seal of the compact between them. He took her proffered hand, and made as though he would have kissed it, but she drew it back quickly with a shudder, and thrust it into her muff. His eyebrows went up to a point for one moment, and then he turned and beckoned to Abel Garrod who was loitering at the other end of the platform.

"This lady is my sister," said Mr. Duplessis gravely to Abel—"a sister whom I have not seen for many years. She is about to stay for a few days in this neighborhood, and I want to know where I can obtain two decent quiet rooms for her while she is here, as she cannot bear the noise and bustle of a hotel. Two rooms—a sitting-room and a bedroom—are what she requires."

Abel puzzled his brains for a minute or two, but could not call to mind anything at all likely to suit the lady.

"Look here now," said Mr. Duplessis, suddenly taking him by the button: "have you no spare rooms in your own house?"

"We have a spare bedroom," said Abel diffidently.

"And a spare sitting-room, too—eh?"

"A parlor, which we seldom use, except on Sundays. But my wife—"

"Exactly the thing—could not be better," interrupted Mr. Duplessis. "Leave me to settle everything with your wife. Just shoulder that bag, will you?—Allons, ma Marie;" and he strode off towards the house with Madame his sister leaning on his arm; Abel, with the black leather bag, bringing up the rear.

In a few voluble words, Mr. Duplessis explained his wishes to the quiet, serious-looking woman who opened the door in answer to his knock. Jane replied that she certainly had two spare rooms, and that she should be happy to let the lady have them for a few days, but that they were only furnished in a very humble style, and perhaps the lady might not like them. But all little difficulties were smoothed over by the indefatigable Canadian; and Madame was at once installed in the rooms, and Jane instructed to prepare tea for her without delay.

Mr. Duplessis would fain have taken his leave at this junction till the morrow, but Madame would not hear of such a thing: it was cruel of him, she averred, to quit so soon the sister whom he had not seen for six long years. He must take tea with her and pass the evening with her, otherwise how would the long *tristo* hours charm themselves away? Mr. Duplessis submitted with tolerable grace, and drank tea with his sister; and after that, they had a long conversation together in French; and then they made Abel hunt up an old pack of cards, and played *écarté* till the clock struck nine, when Mr. Duplessis jumped up, and declared absolutely that he must go.

When Mr. Duplessis was gone, and his sister safely abed, and Abel snoozing in his easy-chair, Jane Garrod, with her apron thrown over her head, sat brooding beside the dying fire, going carefully over in her own mind all that had been said and done since the arrival of her mysterious lodger.

It is to be borne in mind that Jane had a tolerable conversational knowledge of French, having, when young, lived as lady's-maid in Paris for a couple of years; but she was particularly careful that neither Mr. Duplessis nor his sister should suspect her of such an acquirement; and when, once or twice, while she was waiting on them at the tea-table, they preferred some request to her in that language, forgetting for the moment her supposed ignorance of it, she had merely stared stolidly from one to the other, till they repeated their request in English. They thus considered, and naturally so, that they were perfectly safe in talking over their secret concerns in her presence.

"If I could only have heard what they said to one another on the platform, when they first met," said Jane Garrod to herself, "I should have something to go upon; but as it is, I have only bits and scraps of their talk after they got here to judge by, for they had evidently settled their plans before coming to the house. These bits and scraps are just what I must try to remember, and piece together. 'You thought it would be impossible for me to discover your retreat,' said Madame, 'so cunningly had you arranged everything; and that you would never see my face in this world again.'

"To which Monsieur replied: 'Let the past go, Marie; it is not a subject one would choose for contemplation. There is a pleasant future before us, if we only choose to avail ourselves of it.'

"'In that little *if* lies the whole question,' responded Madame. 'Should you ever feel inclined to play me false, remember that one breath of mine would scatter your castle to the winds.'

"'No fear of that,' answered the brother; 'so long as we act fairly by one another, the compact will benefit both of us.'

"After that, they went on with their cards for a little while, till Madame suddenly flung hers across the floor. 'Ah, *scélérat!* monster!' she exclaimed, grinding out the words from beneath her teeth. 'What a fool I must be to play cards with you, or do anything but tear your black heart out of your bosom! When I think of the horrible fate to which you had doomed me, I know not how I refrain from killing you!'

"'Why do you thus excite yourself?' asked Monsieur, very quietly. 'I have told you already that I was misled by Van Goost. He gave me to understand that—'

"'Liar!' screamed Madame. 'I know of old what value to set on what you say.'

"'I will show you Van Goost's letters to-morrow, and prove to you how greatly you misjudge me,' said Monsieur.

"Her only answer was a scornful laugh; and with that, Monsieur went quite humble-like and picked up her cards, and dealt them afresh, and then they went on playing as if nothing had happened. A strange couple, truly!"

In one corner of the little simply-furnished room, hung a crayon-portrait of a child—a child of rare beauty, with long black ringlets, and black eyes, and with a skipping-rope thrown carelessly over her arm. Jane Garrod, taking the candle in her hand, went up to this portrait, and gazed earnestly on it. "They tell me, darling," she said, "that you have promised your hand to this bad man. But you do not love him, dear, I am sure of that. You are unhappy, and just now you hardly care what happens to you; and they have got you to promise to become his wife, and so make yourself miserable till the day you die. He is a bad man, darling; and you shall not marry him, if Jane Garrod can anyhow help it; no, never—never!"

"Never what, missis—never what?" said Abel, who awoke just in time to hear the last word or two, and was now rubbing his eyes sleepily.

"Never go to sleep in your arm-chair after supper," said his wife—"it's a downright lazy habit."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To an Unmarried Lady.

Mourn not, lady, for thy charms,
Circled by no lover's arms,
While inferior belles you see
Pick up husbands readily!
Sparrows, when they choose to pair,
Meet their matches anywhere;
But the Phœnix, sadly great,
Cannot find an equal mate!
Earth, though dark, enjoys the honor
Of a moon to wait upon her;
Venus, though divinely bright,
Cannot boast a satellite.

☞ Bigotry murders religion to frighten fools with her ghost.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL.—The market has been more active. Sales comprise about 13,000 bbls, including 5000 bbls northwest extra family at $11,25@12,75, the latter rate for fancy; 400 bbls superfine at from $7,75@8,75; 800 bbls old and fresh ground extra at $9@11; 500 bbls Penna and Ohio family at $11,50@13,50, and small lots of fancy at from $14@16,50 ℔ bbl. Rye Flour sells in a small way at $5,75@6 ℔ bbl.

GRAIN.—Wheat is in better demand. 30,000 bus sold, including fair to prime Penna red at $2,50@2,75; fair to prime southern do at $2,75@2,85; 5000 bus Milwaukee club at $2,35; 9000 bus spring at $2,40@2,45, and white at from $2,80@3 ℔ bus, as to quality. Rye—1200 bus western sold at 90@95c; 1000 bus Penna at $1,05@1,10, and 250 bus damaged western at 85@85c ℔ bus. Corn—12,000 bus prime yellow at 90@92c, and 20,000 bus western mixed at 87@91c ℔ bus. Oats—Sales of 40,000 bus new southern at 57@59c ℔ bus.

PROVISIONS.—The demand is limited; small sales are making at $31,50 ℔ bbl for new Mess Pork; 21@22c ℔ lb for Bacon Hams, 19½@20c for pickled do, 16c for salt Shoulders, and 20½@20½c for prime Lard in bbls, and tcs. Butter—Small sales sold packed at 28@33c ℔ lb. Cheese—Sales at 17@19c. Eggs sell at 26@29c ℔ doz.

COTTON.—There has been a fair business doing. About 1400 bales of Middlings sold in lots at from 33@35½c ℔ lb for Uplands and New Orleans.

BARK.—We quote 1st No 1 Quercitron at $35 ℔ ton.

BEESWAX.—Small sales of yellow are making at from 38@40c ℔ lb.

COAL.—The market continues dull. Small sales are making at $5,75@6 for White Ash, and $6@6,50 ℔ ton for Red Ash, as to quality.

FEATHERS.—Sales of western at 60@65 ℔ lb for common and choice quality.

FRUIT.—Green Apples.—Sales are making freely at $2@3 ℔ bbl. New Dried Apples sell at 13 to 15c ℔ lb.

HOPS are unchanged; sales of new Eastern and Western at 30@70c.

PLASTER.—The last sale of soft was at $1,25 ℔ ton.

SEEDS.—Small sales of Cloverseed at $6 50@7 50 ℔ 64 lbs. Timothy; 1000 bus sold at $3@4 75 ℔ bus, the latter rate for prime. Flaxseed; 2000 bus sold at $2,55@2,57 ℔ bus.

SPIRITS.—N E rum ranges at from $2,22@2,28 ℔ gallon. Whiskey; 300 bbls sold, in lots at $2,27 for Penna, and $2,30@2,40 ℔ gallon for Drake.

TALLOW.—Small sales of city rendered are making at 12@12½c ℔ lb.

WOOL.—There is rather more doing in the way of sales; 110,000 lbs sold, in lots at prices ranging from 55@56c for quarter blood, 61@65c for half blood, 64@65c for three-quarters blood and fine, and 58@60c ℔ lb for tub, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices ranged from 10½@17cts ℔ lb. 200 were brought from 650 to 750 ℔ head. Sheep—10,000 head were disposed of at from 6@6½ cts ℔ lb. 1200 Hogs sold at from $13,50@14,50 ℔ 100 lbs.

American and British Incomes.

The London Spectator, in an elaborate article upon the American income returns, states that Mr. Alexander T. Stewart's return of over four millions of dollars is probably the largest annual business income in the world. It also states that if the Rothschilds, whose wealth is more that of a family than of individuals, are excepted, no uncrowned person has an income approaching Mr. Stewart's. Referring to British incomes, the Spectator prints some statistics which do not show very well for the wealth of England. Thus in the English returns, 332 431 persons pay income tax, and the average income of each is $1 595. There are but 107 Englishmen who return over $250 000 a year; 183 between $25 000 and $250 000; 627 between $20 000 and $25 000; 1,436 between $15 000 and $20 000; 2,204 between $10 000 and $15,000; and 7,374 between $5 000 and $10 000 From this exhibit it would appear that either the wealth of England is much exaggerated, or the wealthy classes do not make correct returns. The publication of the names of income tax payers in England is prohibited.

☞ A habit of sneering marks the egotist, or the knave, or the fool, or all three.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

Annual Meeting of the Shareholders.

From the Liverpool Mail, Saturday, August 11.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the Royal Insurance Company was held yesterday, at the company's offices, north John street, Charles Turner, Esq., M. P., in the Chair.

The Actuary and Manager (Mr. Percy M. Dove) read the

REPORT FOR THE YEAR 1865,

from which we extract as follows:

The Directors on this occasion present to the Shareholders of the Royal Insurance Company the twenty-first annual report of its affairs.

FIRE BRANCH.

The statements of adverse results shown by similar announcements during the last year will have prepared the proprietors for the announcement which the directors have to make, that, to some extent the Company has shared in the general calamities of fire insurance offices during that period

The Fire losses sustained by the Royal Insurance Company have amounted to £391 945 2s. 6d. ($1,904,730), or nearly 77 per cent of the premiums received. This is far beyond the legitimate percentage of claims which, under ordinary circumstances, would have accrued, though less than the amount anticipated at one period of the year; and although the total sum is ten per cent. less than the average ratio of loss recently announced authoritatively as falling upon the other well known and highly respectable establishments of large revenue during the year 1865, this combined experience affords, together with the still more disastrous results of some other companies which might be referred to, undeniable evidence that the premium charge upon Fire Insurance is at present unremunerative. This now established fact has, however, formed so universal a theme of regretful comment at recent meetings of Fire Offices that the Directors of the "Royal" contest themselves with assuring the Shareholders that they are prepared for a rearrangement of rates of premium, and have, indeed, in their practice, anticipated the general action of offices in this particular. They will, however, at the same time, as they have ever done carefully guard against recognizing more than a moderate addition to the existing charges sufficient to meet the exigency of the occasion, and no more

Passing to another subject the progress of the Company, as respects the amount of business effected, has been satisfactory, the returns of duty published by Parliament on the motion of the Chairman of this Company, exhibiting by far the largest measure of increase which the Company has ever. In its most prosperous times, experienced. The total net amount of the Fire premiums for the year, after deducting guarantees, is £464 733 13s ($2 273 965) which occasioned with an advance quite corresponding in comparative amount with the increase of duty. This it should be explained arises in some measure from the fact that the Directors, seeing and foreseeing for some time the unfavorable epoch of Fire Insurance business which we are passing through voluntarily surrendered a portion of their accruing advantage of premium for the purpose of protecting themselves by guarantee from unequal limits on any one risk.

LIFE BRANCH.

Turning now to the Life Branch, it remains to be reported that the progress has been marked by unchecked success This will be made clear by one or two statistical expositions

Taking the four previous quinquennial periods, it is found that the first, from 1841 to 1845, inclusive, commenced with a sum assured for, Year 1841 of £23,419 and ended the period with a total sum assured of £472,706

The Second,	1850-54				
	to	1850	95,630	do.	do. 739,468
The Third,	1855-59				
	to	1859	200,514	do.	do. 1,655,678
The Fourth,	1860-64				
	to	1864	449,744	do	do 3,439,213

And now the first year of the fifth like period viz: 1865, the Company has granted assurances for £889,663 7s 8d ($4,443 315) nearly twice the amount at the commencement of the last quinquennial period—more than one million sterling of the sum insured having been proposed during the year. The amount of declined risks close to £169,947 s 2d ($849,735)

A further important testimony however is given that the "Royal" has not yet even arrived at the zenith of its favor with the public by the fact that the sum assured for the six months of the present year, after deducting all guarantees forwarded, almost reaches to half a million sterling, the actual amount being £199,144 4s 8d ($2,495,720), a sum larger than the total amount assured for the entire year commencing the last quinquennial period, so that at any rate for one further year the impetus of continued advance is not likely to slacken in this department for shareholders' and policy holders have the opportunity, of which it is trusted they will avail themselves, not only to keep up the high position of the "Royal," but even to advance it considerably The result of such an activity on their part it is confidently affirmed, would be to tell upon the permanent prosperity of the establishment that the favorable result on the property of the shareholder and on the profits of the life assurance would be such as would exceed their highest anticipations

The Directors had during the last months of 1865 entertained some apprehension that the results of the year, so far as respects the fire business would have been far worse than they have turned out to be. Many of the fire claims however having proved in their settlement for less than the amounts estimated, and the increase of revenue at the same time having reached to a larger sum than was at one time anticipated the total result, in long intervals of looked of showing a considerable loss on the year's transactions, discloses a small profit of £4[illegible] 8d To this account should likewise be added the increase which has taken place in the Reserve Fund from interest and some other items which gave a further sum of £6[illegible], these together form a gain of £9[illegible] 7s 5d, ($49,[illegible]) on the year.

They therefore propose to the proprietors that a dividend be declared of 4s per share, and a bonus of 4s per share, together 8s per share, free of income tax

It is finally a matter of satisfaction to state that after withdrawing the amount of this dividend and bonus from the profit and loss account, a credit balance will still remain to that account of no less than £92 076 9s ($460 384) in addition to the reserve fund, which, by the augmentation of the year now reaches the sum of £ 6 9[illegible]s 1[illegible] ($[illegible])

Notwithstanding, therefore, the comparatively unfavorable aspect of the Fire Insurance business, these two funds together will now be [illegible] more than they were only three years previously (1[illegible]) by the sum of £4[illegible] 11s 8d. ($[illegible])

The period of twenty-one years which now marks the existence of the ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY, naturally suggests one word of reference to the history of the growth of this establishment up to its present state of maturity.

This review necessitates, of course, an absorption of the two or three adverse years into the unbounded success of the other eighteen years and the amalgamated whole, including the result of the other branches of business, presents an amount of success which it is trusted will be considered satisfactory by the shareholders

CHARLES TURNER, Chairman.

August 9, 1866.

☞ Young lady sweeping the street with a trail two yards long. A young man stepped upon it, partly tearing it from the waist. She turned slowly upon him and said, "Sir, you are a rowdy." He retorted, "Madame, you are a dowdy." "If I were a man, I would thrash you," said she. "If you were pretty, I would kiss you," said he. "This is insufferable," said the lady, gathering up her calico and turning away. "That is true," he replied, "whether your remark applies to yourself, your dress, or the weather."

Fits! Fits! Fits!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Read the following remarkable cure:

PHILADELPHIA, June 29, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance,

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIR:—Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms I had from two to five fits in a day, at about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I considered that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865 I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on 8th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, so that persons who are similarly afflicted may have the benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence, 636 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WM. ELDER.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 109 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. sep22-eow10t

CHOLERA.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR THIS DISEASE MAY BE FOUND IN THE USE OF

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., June 14th, 1849.

MR. A. T. Woodward, *Agent of Perry Davis's Pain Killer.*

Dear Sir:—I feel it a duty I owe to the public, to make known the value of Davis's Pain Killer, and my experience in using it for some of the complaints for which it is highly recommended. In April last, on your recommendation I purchased a one dollar bottle of you for pains with which I have long been afflicted, and made use of it on my trip down to New Orleans, with the most gratifying and beneficial effects. On my return trip to this city, the Cholera made its appearance among some of my passengers. I made use of the Pain Killer, having no other remedy on board, and to my surprise and gratification found it gave *immediate relief!* On my arrival in St. Louis I called on you and got four large bottles, and stated to you my confidence in it as an infallible Cholera remedy, and remarking to you that I wanted no other Cholera remedy on my boat. I made use of the four bottles on my trip to New Orleans and back, for Cholera and some other complaints for which it is recommended, and met with the most astonishing success,—when I ordered from you six more one dollar bottles Since then I have made two more trips to New Orleans and back; and on my previous trip up I had more than

SEVENTY CASES OF CHOLERA

On board, when the *PAIN KILLER* was immediately used with the most astonishing results In all cases where it was used in time, it gave relief in a very short time; and I can with confidence say to the public that in all of the first stages of cholera, when taken in time, it is, in my opinion, an *infallible remedy!* and after a fair trial with it for several weeks, and for four trips to New Orleans and back, and using it for Cholera and for other complaints for which it is recommended, no consideration whatever would induce me to leave port without a good supply—believing it to be a medicine that no officer of a boat or any family would be without a single day after using one bottle; believing it to be the most valuable family medicine known to the world for all the different complaints for which it is recommended.

P S Please send me six large bottles for this trip.

J. M. BROADWELL, Capt Steamer Atlantic.

I most cordially unite with Captain Broadwell in recommending Perry Davis's Pain Killer to the public, having myself been severely attacked with the Cholera and found relief in a few hours by using the Pain Killer, and have myself administered it to more than fifty persons attacked with the Cholera, and when used in time, a cure was effected in a few hours, and take pleasure in recommending it to the public as an invaluable medicine, that no individual should be without a single hour.

J. F. BOFFINGER, Clerk Steamer Atlantic.

DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.—In to-day's Union will be found an advertisement of this celebrated remedy. The certificates appended from the captain and clerk of the steamer Atlantic, we know to be genuine, and founded on facts, as they verbally stated in our office the substance of what they publish.—*St. Louis Union*

The Pain Killer is sold by all Druggists. sep15-2t

No Disappointment. Never Fails.

"Itch"	Cures in from 42 to 48 hours.	"TETTER."
"Itch"	SWAYNE'S OINTMENT	"TETTER."
"Itch"	SWAYNE'S OINTMENT	"TETTER."
"Itch"	Cures	"TETTER."
"Itch"	Itching Piles,	"TETTER."
"Itch"	Salt-rheum Scald-head, Rash,	"TETTER."
"Itch"	all Skin Diseases.	"TETTER."
"Itch"	Price 50 cents.	"TETTER."
"Itch"	By sending 50 cents to	"TETTER."
"Itch"	Dr SWAYNE & SON.	"TETTER."
"Itch"	No 330 North 12th St Phila	"TETTER."
"Itch"	A box will be sent by mail, post-	"TETTER."
"Itch"	age paid, to any address.	"TETTER."

Sold by all the leading Druggists. mar24-ow1y

MOTH AND FRECKLES.

Ladies afflicted with Discolorations on the Face, called moth patches, or freckles should use PERRY'S Celebrated MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION It is infallible Prepared by Dr B C PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond St N Y Sold by all druggists and by Dr. Perry, 49 Bond St. Price $2. jel6-6m

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

"Harvest Time,"—the harvest time of life, as well as of the season—is the appropriate steel engraving of the August number of this beautiful periodical. The double and finely colored steel fashion plate is a gem, as usual. Then we have the usual number of wood-cuts illustrating the "Street Arabs," and the latest fashions in dresses, bonnets, hats, &c. The music is the song of "Childhood and Home." Among the literary contributions, we note "One Summer's Romance," by Clara Augusta; "The Banshee," by Mrs. Hosmer; "The Disputed Patrimony," by Auber Forestier; "The Distressed Bachelor," (concluded,) by Mrs. Oliphant; Novelties, Receipts, Fashions, &c. Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 3 copies (and one *gratis*) $6. Specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

If you must take medicines then take AYER'S which are by far the most effectual remedies to be had anywhere. sep22-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Cooper, D. D., CHARLES N. TILLOW to EMMA V. UNDERKOFLER.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. WILLIAM H. LENNER to Miss CATHARINE HERRINGTON.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. PHILIP W BERGNER to Miss KATE E. YOUNG, both of this city.

On the 30th of Aug., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, WILLIAM D. CONNELLY to Miss LAURETA P. GATES, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr GEORGE W. FISHER to Miss MARY L. FIELD, both of this city.

On the 5th instant, by the Rev. Wm. B. Wood, Mr. WILLIAM H. B. PEARLY to Miss RACHEL JEFFERIS, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 10th instant, JOSIAH RANDALL, in his 76th year

On the 10th instant, GEORGE K., son of Robert and the late Grace Davis, in his 25th year.

On the 9th instant, WILLIAM J. H. VERDEYEN, aged 36 years.

On the 9th instant, JAMES TAYLOR, in his 68th year.

On the 9th instant, Mr. FREDERICK EMERICK, in his 77th year.

On the 6th instant, Mrs. ELIZABETH HAMILTON, in her 79th year

On the 6th instant, Mrs. SARAH BARNSLEY, in her 61st year.

On the 7th instant, MATTHIAS W. BALDWIN, in his 71st year.

On the 7th instant, THOMAS C. GREEN, in his 28th year.

A NEW MASS.

STEARNS' MASS IN A.

This composition is in the usual Mass form, with *Kyrie, Gloria, Qui Tollis, Quoniam, Credo, Incarnatus, Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei* and *Dona Nobis* It use Latin and English text is not very difficult, and though taking a classical form is sufficiently familiar and home-like to commend itself to choirs, musical associations and conventions. Price $1 50. Sent, post-paid.

OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers, 277 Washington St., Boston.

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HIGHEST PREMIUM

LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Philadelphia Agency, No. 704 Chestnut St.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	105
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	85
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	100
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer Nos 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a PREMIUM for THE LADY'S FRIEND and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—*see Prospectus* Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

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FOR REMOVING

GREASE, PAINT, PITCH, & VARNISH

From all Goods of Durable Colors, is ahead of anything yet discovered.

It leaves the Goods soft, and as perfect as when new, with no spot upon which dust can collect, as is the case with all the preparations heretofore sold for cleansing goods.

It is Delicately Perfumed,

and entirely free from the disagreeable odor of Benzine and all other ruinous fluids.

COUNTERFEITS

of this preparation are extant, *therefore be sure and take* none but that which has the autograph of A. B. W. BULLARD on the label.

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☞ For sale by all Druggists. aug4-3m

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ELECTRICAL PHYSICIAN.

Electricity, a sovereign remedy for the relief of suffering humanity is now demonstrated by great discoveries in Electrical science as applied in the treatment of disease, by Dr Freed, having effected many of the most wonderful cures on record, as the living witnesses can testify, by means of this mysterious ever-present and all-pervading vital element, which can now be directed to any part of the body, thereby removing obstructions that have resisted all other methods of treatment restoring the electrical action of the laws of life and health of the human system, as is scientifically applied by the advantage of Dr. Freed's Patent Improved Portable Combined Galvanic and Electro-Magnetic Battery for treatment (*which is mild and gentle*) in all the varied forms of disease. Its crowning excellence whispers words of consolation and hope to the afflicted and opens the way for relief. Call and have your case examined Consultation free. Students Instructed. Send for circular of cures effected with references. All letters address to

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Originally patented May 13th, 1862; Improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, with CRIMPING attachment, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is noiseless in operation, uses the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, and works horizontal, sews with DOUBLE or SINGLE THREAD of ALL KINDS Makes the RUNNING-STITCH more perfect and regular than by hand, and with extraordinary rapidity making SIXTEEN STITCHES to each revolution of the Wheel Will GATHER, HEM, RUFFLE, BRAID, TUCK, RUN UP BRAIDING, &c. &c. Strongest machine manufactured. Warranted not to get out of order in 5 years It has taken the PREMIUM at STATE FAIRS, and received the approval of all the principal journals and of those who have used it. It is the ONLY low priced sewing machine that has received a PREMIUM, or that is PATENTED.

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Single machines, ALL COMPLETE, sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions, on receipt of price, $5. *Safe delivery guaranteed.* Agents wanted everywhere Circular, containing Liberal Inducements, sent Free. Address all orders,

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THE COMPLETE HERBALIST; Or, THE PEOPLE THEIR OWN PHYSICIANS BY THE USE OF HERBAL REMEDIES, is the title of one of the best family medical books that has ever been offered to the public The rapid sale of this book and the large commission allowed, enables a good agent to make easily from $5 to $10 per day Address, for full particulars, the author and publisher, Dr O PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J.

BEAUTIES FOR THE CENTRE TABLE! Three distinct, new and beautiful ornaments in glass, for parlor, family room or chamber, exciting the admiration of all who see them. Are decidedly rich and handsome Not a humbug; but, gems in reality Orders, enclosing *one dollar*, will receive prompt attention Address J S TUNIS P O Box 77, Greeneville, Tennessee.

References by permission to W F Greene, M D, and Lewis F. Self, Postmaster, Greeneville, Tennessee.

$150 A MONTH! New Business for Agents. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me. sep8 3m

☞ Freckles, Tan and Pimples,

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These inventions stand approved as the "best" by the most eminent scientific and Surgical societies of the world, the inventor having been honored with the award of FIFTY GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS (or "First Prizes"), including the GREAT MEDALS of the WORLD'S EXHIBITIONS IN LONDON AND NEW YORK; also the most Honorary Report of the great SOCIETY OF SURGEONS OF PARIS, giving his Patents place above the ENGLISH and FRENCH.

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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frisets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union Letters from any part of the world will receive attention

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov6-eowly

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SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 31st and Market Streets, which is reached by the cars of the Market Street Passenger Railway running to and from the Depot. The last car leaves Front street about 10 minutes prior to the departure of each Train.

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MASH'S BAGGAGE EXPRESS will call for and deliver Baggage at the Depot Orders left at the Office, No. 631 Chestnut Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	at 8.00	A.M.
DAY EXPRESS	" 10 00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No 1	" 11 00	"
FAST LINE & ERIE EXPRESS¶	" 12 00	M.
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 2.30	P. M.
LANCASTER ACCOM.	" 4.00	"
PAOLI ACCOM, No 2	" 5.30	"
PITTSBURG & ERIE MAIL¶	" 9 00	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 3	" 10 00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS†	" 11.10	"

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS¶	" 12 40	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS‡	" 7.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No 1	" 8.20	"
COLUMBIA TRAIN	" 9 00	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	" 12 40	P.M.
FAST LINE	" 1.10	"
PAOLI ACCOM., No. 2	" 4.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	" 5 50	"
PAOLI ACCOM, No. 3	" 7 30	"
HARRISBURG ACCOM.	" 9.50	"

*Daily, except Saturday. †Daily ‡Daily, except Monday All other trains daily, except Sunday

¶Running through from Philadelphia to Pittsburg and Erie without change of cars.

SUNDAY ACCOMMODATION TRAINS for PAOLI and intermediate stations leave Philadelphia at 9.00 A. M. and 7 00 P. M., returning leave Paoli at 8.50 A. M. and 4.30 P. M.

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The Pennsylvania Railroad Co will not assume any risk for Baggage, except for Wearing Apparel, and limit their responsibility to One Hundred Dollars in value All baggage exceeding that amount in value will be at the risk of the owner, unless taken by special contract. ap7-9m

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Magnifying 500 times, *mailed for* 50 CENTS. THREE *for* $1 00. Address F. P. BOWEN, dec17-tf Box 2240, Boston, Mass.

WHISKERS.

DR. LAMONTE'S CORROLIA will force Whiskers or Mustaches on the smoothest face or chin never known to fail. Sample for trial sent free. Address, REEVES & CO., sept-3m No. 75 Nassau St., New York.

SOMETHING NEW TO ADMIRERS of the Beautiful, profitable to the unemployed, and beneficial to the sick and unfortunate. Address, with stamp, for full particulars S. CAMP, 7 Carroll Place, Bleeker St, New York. sep8-4t

WHISKERS.—A HEAVY BEARD is guaranteed in five weeks to all who use Buckeye's ITALIAN COMPOUND. Price, by mail, 50 cents. RUSSELL & CO., Drawer 836, Watertown, N. Y. sep1-3m

$1500 PER YEAR, paid by SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me, or Chicago, Ill. sep1-3m

WIT AND HUMOR.

DO AS I DO.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

At Williamsport upon one occasion a party of convivial spirits met in the reading room of the "United States," all very thirsty, and anxious for a taste of the ardent. There were about a dozen in the room, and each one "blazing in a loud way" that his neighbor ought to stand treat for the party. After badgering each other for some time, *Judge Lurvey* arose and said, "Gentlemen, if you all promise to do as I do we will go down and take a drink." The promises were greedily made, all having the idea that they would catch the judge before he went very far. The crowd proceeded to the bar, and the judge, without a smile, although about to take one, called for "whiskey straight," (the others likewise had themselves served) and drank it down. "Your health, judge," came from all hands with shouts of laughter. "Thank you, gentlemen," was the reply, and turning to the barkeeper, "how much is it a drink?" "Ten cents, sir," said the dispenser of stimulating beverages, which the judge handed him, and facing the company, said, "Gentlemen, you can do just as I did," walked up stairs, leaving a disconsolate set to settle the score the best they could, feeling decidedly sold. For the truth of this story ask the Mayor of Williamsport, and he will vouch for it. D. W. M.

Irish Bulls.

One of the richest specimens of a real Irish bull which has ever fallen under our notice, was perpetrated by the clever and witty, but blundering Irish knight, Sir Richard Steele, when inviting a certain English nobleman to visit him. "If, sir," said he, "you ever come within a mile of my house, *I hope you will stop there!*" Another, by the same gentleman, is worth recording. Being asked how he accounted for his countrymen making so many bulls, he replied: "I cannot tell, if it is not the effect of climate. I fancy, if an *Englishman was born in Ireland* he would just make as many." The same laughable train of thought seems to have seized upon a countryman of this Irish *littérateur*, who, exceedingly enjoying an apple pie which was flavored with a few green goose berries, exclaimed: "Ah, what a darling of an *apple pie* it would be if it were *all* made of *green gooseberries!*"

Tale, again, reminds us of that well-known instance of wounded Irish pride related of the porter of a Dublin grocer, who was brought by his master before a magistrate on a charge of stealing chocolate, to which he could scarcely plead "not guilty." On being asked to whom he sold it, the pride of Patrick was exceedingly wounded. "To whom did I sell it?" cried Pat. "Now, *do you think* I was so *mane* as to take it to sell?" "Pray, then, sir," said the J P, "what did you do with it?" "Do wid it? Well, then, since you *must* know, I took it home, and me and my ould 'oman made *tay* of it."

The Doctor Know'd What He Giv' Him.

During the war, one of those lovely ladies who devoted themselves to relieving the sufferings of the soldiers, was going through a ward of a crowded hospital. There she found two convalescent soldiers sawing and hammering, making such a noise that she felt it necessary to interfere in her gentle way.

"Why," said she, "what is this? what are you doing?"

"What we doin'? Makin' a coffin—that's what!"

"A coffin? indeed, and who is it for?"

"Who for? that feller over there"—pointing behind him.

The lady looked, and saw a man lying on his white bed, yet alive, who seemed to be watching what was being done.

"Why," said she, in a low voice, "that man isn't dead. He is alive, and perhaps he won't die. You had better not go on."

"Go on! Yes, yes, we shall. The doctor he told us. He said, make the coffin; and I guess he know'd what he giv' him."—*Frank Moore's Anecdotes of the War.*

A Law Joke.

A lawyer of fluid tendencies was discussing some nice point of law, and getting out of patience at the inability of the court to take his own view of it, said the intellect of the court was so dark a flash of lightning could not penetrate it. The judge, being a new-comer, and not knowing the peculiarities and failings of the man, imposed a severe punishment on him for contempt of court. Some of the lawyer's friends stated the case to his honor, and the punishment was remitted on the condition that he should publicly apologize to the court. He was accordingly brought up the following morning, and made amends by saying.—

"I regret very much that I said, in the heat of the moment, that the intellect of the court was so dark lightning could not penetrate it. I guess it could; *it is a very penetrating thing.*"

ROGUES ON THE STAGE.—A funny occurrence took place at one of the theatres this week. During the dialogue, while actors were representing a nobleman, a lady and four servants were upon the stage, the conversation suddenly came to a halt. Somebody had neglected or forgotten his "cue." The prompter gave the word again and again, till many of the audience could have supplied the hiatus; finally, however, the chief of the servants became aware it was his turn to speak, and gave the proper sentence, which by a singular coincidence ran as follows:

"Were we not base rogues
Not to think of this before?"

The audience evidently thought so, for they shouted with laughter.—*Com. Bulletin.*

A CHILD'S ESTATE.—An Irishwoman appeared in a court at Louisville, Ky., recently, to be appointed guardian for her child, when the following colloquy ensued:—"What estates has your child?" "Pl'ase your honor, I don't understand you." *Judge*—"I say, what has she got?" "Colds and fever, plase your honor."

☞ The headless body of a man was found in Mobile lying in state on his own bed. In a note he said he had committed suicide and to prevent identification, had *hidden his head where no one would ever find it.* The question is, where could he have put it?

GOING TO THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR.

BRUTAL CONDUCTOR.—"Hold up, Bill, here they come—we've got the Prize Lot this time, and no mistake."

VERY LONG AGO.

Listening in the twilight very long ago,
To a sweet voice, singing very soft and low.

Was the song a ballad of a lady bright,
Saved from deadly peril by a gallant knight?

Or a song of battle, and a flying foe?
Nay, I have forgotten—'tis so long ago.

Scarcely half remembered, more than half forgot,
I can only tell you what the song was not.

Memory unfaithful has not kept that strain,
Heard once in the twilight, never heard again.

Every day brings twilight, but no twilight brings
To my ear that music on its quiet wings.

After Autumn sunsets in the dreaming light,
When long Summer evenings deepen into night,

All that I am sure of is that very long ago,
Some one sang at twilight very sweet and low.

☞ Blondin is said to have been one of the first applicants to the directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company. He wanted to have the cable raised on poles at either end, so that he might walk over.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PUTTING DOWN BUTTER.

There is no peculiar art or mystery about putting down butter for winter use, so that it will keep sweet, sound and good a very long time. It only needs a proper receptacle, to know how, and scrupulous cleanliness, and all who make butter may easily enough have a prime article either for sale, or for winter use, with very little trouble, and no extra expense.

The last time we went round Cape Horn, we bought in Baltimore a few days before sailing two tubs of ordinary Western butter for cabin stores. It was cheap Ohio butter, but happening to have been made right and properly put down, it was capital butter all the voyage—outward bound, through the tropics, round the Horn, down through the tropics again in the Pacific to Guayaquil, two months in that oven, almost under the Equator; then homeward bound, through the tropical heat in two oceans, and at last at the end of a year and ten days the bottom layer of the last tub came out for service on the day we made the Delaware Capes, as sweet, fresh and sound as it was when we went to sea outward bound.

That butter had been correctly made and put down in sweet, new red oak tubs, holding about eighty pounds each, in this manner: The bottom of the tub covered with fine, clean salt, half-an-inch thick. Then a solid layer of butter about 1½ inches thick; then half-an-inch of salt again, and so alternately, salt and butter—butter and salt, solid, to within two inches of the top of the tub, that space being filled with strong brine, and the head put in tight. During the entire voyage care was taken to keep the butter covered with brine; and whatever was taken out for use was simply rinsed off in sea water.

A great deal of the celebrated Orange county or Goshen butter is not nearly up to its reputation on account of being packed in one solid mass from bottom to top, or in layers of from three to five inches in thickness, without any salt strata between, or being covered with pickle. Butter put down in that manner will not keep good very long with all the Goshen reputation ever got up to back it.

Of all the woods used for butter tubs or kegs, the red beech, common in several of the northern counties of Pennsylvania and in many parts of New York, is the best. Then well seasoned red oak, then white elm, then white ash. After these, all our woods are more or less bad for butter, and ought never to be used. Of course the very best receptacle to put down butter in for long keeping is a strong, well glazed stone jar, with a close-fitting cover. But as such vessels are too fragile for the hard knocks of transportation, they are only suitable for home use. Beech, red oak or ash ought to be used wherever rough handling is the rule.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS.

If, as an analytical chemist, we were a celebrity, as several of our cotemporaries are, we might expect a scientific storm about our ears for declaring an opinion that nine-tenths of all the chemical experiments and analyses made are well enough chemically considered, but practically, so far as chemistry may be agriculturally applied, only blinders for farmers that "but lead to bewilder and dazzle to blind," teaching nothing really useful to the working farmer. But being only—"Cosmo," we shall express our opinion with impunity, probably giving a hint or two that farmers will thank us for, at the same time escaping crucifixion in the chemical crucibles of antagonistic chemists.

In the first place, fellow farmers, when persuaded to patronize some enterprising agricultural, analytical chemist ten, fifteen or twenty-five dollars' worth in the way of an analysis of the soil of your farm, put on so much incredulity as will amount to a positive:—"I won't do it! so many dollars in manure, extra culture and improved agricultural implements will pay me ten times better." Analysis of soils for practical farming utility is absolute nonsense. In the first place the elements of plant life, and secrets of vegetable growth are still too much of a mystery for human science to more than guess at. We are coming towards it certainly, but by such slow progress, that the unveiling of all the hidden secrets is probably a century distant. Then on every farm the quality of soil is so many times changed that no single analysis of one portion can by any possibility be a guide either for the whole or any other portion.

On a farm of one hundred acres, within the city limits of Philadelphia, the whole farm as productive probably as any other in the state, there may be found as many conditions and combinations of plant-making material as there are acres in the farm, so that to come at a general average by analysis would require an outlay of not less than fifteen hundred dollars, with no real value received after all.

Chemists, in making an analysis of mercantile manures, made up of half-a-dozen elements it may be, take 100 parts of the material, pass and repass the continually diminishing mass through tedious and tortuous processes in order to make complete separation of elements, and finally give us arbitrarily 100 parts in the aggregate, as if nothing could have escaped them by flying off in volatile gasses or burned out of practical utility by the process. This is teaching an error to farmers that is mischievous in results. We have not yet reached that nice point in laboratorial perfection by which we can subjugate all elements and give back to tangible existence cent. per cent. of the material we pass through the alembic. Some of our popular mercantile manures will lose on an average not less than twenty per cent. of fertilizing value between the time of their application to the soil, and that when they are laid hold of and appropriated by growing vegetation. Hence a chemical analysis of such material is of no more value as an indicator of the practical value of the manure to the farmer, than the fancy gilded letters on a milkman's wagon are of the quality of his milk.

Those fertilizing agents which are simplest in their combination of constituents, and lose least of their virtue either in practical application or chemical analysis, are lime, plaster, bone reduced to fine dust, and wood ashes. In the purchase of these the farmer is less liable to be cheated or make a mistake in application.

TOO RICH.

Yesterday we triangulated across and lengthwise a field of corn, the like whereof there is probably not another in the state of Pennsylvania—so stout, strong of growth, ears so large, numerous and well filled. A great many ears were set eight feet from the ground, the average being about seven. But in one way that corn would have been better off if the land had been less rich in corn making material. In the rankest growth in the field we found a great many entire hills, turned out by the roots and toppled over, lying flat on the ground.

At first, with the proprietor, Mr. Samuel Morton, of Middletown, we guessed the cattle had been in, and began to look for signs of depredators by tracks and half eaten ears. Not a track. Not an ear touched. Then we discovered the cause of the catastrophe. The ground was too rich. The field has been for years a low, swaley pasture, too wet for cultivation, producing a great deal of coarse wild grass, so long that the deep soil had become compact. Last winter the field was thoroughly under-drained, ploughed, properly prepared and planted with corn May 23d.

The field has received first-rate culture, is in fine tilth, free of weeds and is as mellow as an ash heap, and in every instance of turned over hills we found the roots very stout and short, no where more than ten inches in length, and not a tap root any where. The stalks have literally subsisted on the surface, growing into giants, and toppled over with the weight of ears. Finding an over abundance of all the corn constituents at hand, there was no necessity for the roots to go abroad or downward after food, and so in their lazy gorging they have failed to lay hold of the soil with that wide and deep grasp necessary to secure a support for so unusual a weight of ears. Fallen as considerable of it is, that field will give ninety bushels of corn per acre. All standing, it would have run close to a hundred. There is an abundance of fertilizing material in the soil of that swamp pasture to produce two more just such corn crops, and one drain through the swale did the whole of it. A pretty strong argument in favor of under-draining and thorough culture—ninety bushels per acre of corn where last year only worthless wild grass grew.

RECEIPTS.

Receipts from Mrs. Warren's Book.

COOKING VEGETABLES.—As an experiment, boil greens without soda, the greens will be strong, perhaps rusty, and the water clear and tasteless; try a bit of soda the size of a horse-bean, the water will be black and fetid, the cabbage or broccoli, or greens be sweet and wholesome, giving neither flatulence nor acidity. But to eat greens boiled without soda, or boiled too long, will give indigestion for a week. If, in keeping greens warm in the colander over the liquor, the latter be allowed to touch the vegetables, the effect will be as hurtful as if they were left to soak in the green water after they were cooked; in either case they become almost poisonous.

Have *plenty of boiling water* and salt for all the vegetables. Make them boil *up very quickly.* Take all greens out of the water the instant they are done. Turnips, carrots, artichokes, celery, or onions will not hurt if kept in for a few minutes; they may lose their color, but will not be unwholesome, and with these let the water have fat, but no soda in it.

With green peas use no soda except it be the size of a pea. French beans the same.

Mash all vegetables with a wooden spoon.

Throw away the green liquor anywhere outside the house, either on the ground or in ashes; never down a drain, either inside or outside the house.

TO MAKE ONION SAUCE to be eaten with thin streaked and well-boiled pickled pork, which tastes like tripe, or as sauce for mutton, rabbits, &c.

Have a saucepan of boiling water in which is a lump of salt and a bit of bacon fat or dripping, the size of a bean. Cut the onions in *very thin* rings, throw them into the boiling water, make them boil very fast. In six or eight minutes they will be sufficiently cooked (a minute longer will take all taste from them,) throw them into a colander, squeeze them dry with a saucer, turn them into a basin, flour them *slightly*, mash them quickly with a wooden spoon, and mix in a little milk, then cover the basin with a plate and put it in the oven to rewarm.

TO BOIL ONIONS.—Peel and wash them, throw them into plenty of boiling water with a bit of fat and a lump of salt. Let them boil *quickly very quickly, for an hour.* They must not be exposed to the air, but be drained quickly and served with or without white sauce over, or with cold butter. Cooked in this way, they are like marrow, and exceedingly wholesome.

Any vegetables, excepting potatoes, broccoli, and cauliflower, are as well cooked in the morning, as when the fire is wanted for perhaps other things, if the dinner be a late one.

Wash all vegetables in warm water, each kind singly, then in cold, where they must remain for an hour.

Water rather more than warm kills all insects, worms, and snails, and *makes them drop out* of vegetables.

REDUCING THE BOILING OF FAT WITH VEGETABLES, &c.—It may be objected that such a process would render the articles greasy and indigestible. A greater mistake cannot be made than in this supposition. If fat were boiled with greens, nothing could be worse; there is too much oil in them already, for which the soda is used to extract into the water, and which, if retained in the greens, renders them positively unwholesome. Onions, carrots, turnips, artichokes, and celery have no oil in their compositions, but they require the softest of water to boil them in. Soda would turn them black, and there is nothing so clean as a piece of dripping or fat off meat to have the desired effect. The vegetables do not absorb it, nor do they appear greasy, or if by any accident they do so, a little boiling water poured over them will take it away. Perhaps there is no greater waste in a vegetable than in the article of *turnips.* If they are cut and boiled as described at p. 76, one bunch of eight or ten roots, will fill two vegetable dishes, and suffice for eight persons; but if done in the ordinary method, by water and over-boiling, two bunches will be needed. By adding milk in stead of butter, the turnips are made creamy and richer, and are not subject to give indigestion as when butter is used with them.

Vegetables to be used for soup should never be boiled in it, but be properly prepared beforehand, so as for each to retain its own flavor. Only thus cooked are they digestible.

TO PICKLE CABBAGE.—Cut the cabbage in thin slices, put a layer of it and a layer of salt alternately; let it stand twenty-four hours, then spread it abroad; pour boiling water over the whole (taking care that the water is poured on all), let it drain and remain until quite cold; fill the bottles, &c., with the cabbage, then pour cold spiced vinegar on it and fasten down.

PICKLED CAULIFLOWER.—Break in pieces a nice head of cauliflower, and wash it in warm water, then in cold, and drain it. Have ready some boiling water, in which has been *boiled* a lump of salt and a piece of soda the size of a hazel-nut. Throw the cauliflower in, and let it boil quickly *one minute;* drain it, and spread it out to dry and cool; mix two ounces of mustard, half an ounce of moist sugar and salt in a little cold vinegar, rub it with half a pint of boiling vinegar, put the cauliflower into jars or pickle glasses with three cloves in each, and fill up with vinegar. When cold cork it down; it is ready for use in a week.

PICKLED ONIONS.—Choose the small silver onion. Tie a quantity of them unpeeled, loosely up in a piece of old muslin; plunge them into quickly boiling water in which a lump of salt has been boiled; let them boil up *two minutes,* then take them out and plunge them instantly into cold water. The inside of the onion will then slip out. Do not let the air come to them, but throw each onion directly it is slipped into boiling vinegar, in which has been boiled a dozen cloves, and two teaspoonsful of sugar to every pint of vinegar.

THE RIDDLER.

Classical Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 10 letters.
My 6, 1, 3, 9, 2, was a Roman poet, who wrote of botany and the virtue of herbs.
My 3, 7, 2, 9, 10, was the daughter of Saturn and Ops, the goddess of corn and tillage.
My 5, 3, 1, 8, 7, 10, was a festival kept by the Epicurians the 20th day of every month in honor of their master's birthday.
My 1, 10, 5, 1, was one of the three parts of the world known to the ancients.
My 2, 4, 9, 3, 1, is the Latin for coach or chariot.
My whole was a famous geometrician and astronomer of Syracuse.

Ash Grove, Ill. C. B. NORTHROP.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 10, 11, 8, is a boy's delight.
My 2, 6 4, 11, is used by barbers.
My 3 5, 7, 9 is a girl's name.
My 8, 3, 10 11, is a valley.
My 1, 2, 9, 8, is a fish.
My whole was a tale published in the Post some sixteen years ago.

Irwin Station, Pa. WM. H. MORROW.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Gemming all the meadow
With a silver sheen,
Covering all the daisies,
'Mid the grass so green.
Like a diamond shining,
Is my first, I ween.

A tiny atom in the ocean,
My second seems to be,
Yet without it, could be neither
River, ocean, lake or sea.

My whole in the rose's crimson heart
Lies sparkling in the sun's bright ray.
Gay humming-birds above it dart,
Happy in the warmth of a summer day.

Germantown. CORA WALTERS.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

John Doe owns a grindstone, 4 inches thick at the outer edge and 10 inches thick at the centre, and 30 inches in diameter. If a hole 12 square be cut through the centre for a crank, how many cubic inches of the stone will be removed?

Posey Co., Indiana. ELI FLINT.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required to find four biquadrate numbers whose sum is a square.

MORGAN STEVENS.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A ball-player uses a cylindrical stick 16 inches in length for a bat. How far from his hand must he hit the ball to knock it the farthest, supposing his arm to be 30 inches long?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a mad bull of a convivial disposition? Ans.—Because he offers a horn to every one he meets.

☞ What is the difference between a watch and a feather bed? Ans.—The ticking of a watch is inside, that of a bed outside.

☞ Why is rascality like the breast of a fowl? Ans.—Because it is a *piece of chicane.*

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—State Sovereignty and National Union. CHARADE—Start (tart-art) RIDDLE—The letter R.

Answer to J. M. Greenwood's PROBLEM of June 30th.—2 096 836. Henry R. Spink.

Answer to Morgan Stevens's PROBLEM, June 30th.—The size of the sheet of tin is not given. If the sheet be one foot square, the sides of the squares cut from the corners must be 2 inches, and the maximum contents will be 128 cubic inches. And, *generally,* if the sheet be n inches square, the sides of the squares cut from the corners must be $\frac{n}{3}$ inches, and the maximum contents will be $\frac{2n^3}{27}$ cubic inches. Artemas Martin.

Answer to H. Stevens's PROBLEM of July 7th.—First two numbers, 30 and 42. J. M. Greenwood and H. R. Spink. First two numbers, 30 and 42. Second two numbers, 6 and 10. Artemas Martin and W. H. Morrow.

☞ The influence of costume on mortality is shown in a very instructive manner by one of the English Registrar-General's reports. Thus, from one to five years there is an equality of deaths by scalds and burns among boys and girls; but from five to ten, double the number of girls to that of boys die from these causes; while from ten to twenty, there die one hundred and two women and only twenty-seven men—and from twenty and upwards, seventy-one women and twenty-two men; showing the influence of muslin and flounces in producing death, notwithstanding the greater caution of the female sex.

☞ A young gentleman of the city, describing affairs in the country, writes that "the cows were not very backly about being milked; sometimes, when you are almost through, they will kick the milk all over, and you have to go to work and milk *them right over again!*"

☞ If you are looking at a picture, you try to give it the advantage of a good light. Be as courteous to your fellow-beings as you are to a picture.